



ROBERT W. WOODRUFF
LIBRARY
FOR ADVANCED STUDIES



Paul Bernard Seydel
Memorial

LA COQUETTERIE;

OR,

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY

IN

FRANCE AND BELGIUM.

“ La coquetterie? c’est ce que les hommes méprisent, et ce qui les attire.”—*Des Genlis*.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

T. & W. BOONE, 29, NEW BOND STREET.

1832.

MARCHANT, PRINTER, INGRAM-COURT.

LA COQUETTERIE.

CHAPTER I.

Religion—

'Tis *this*, my friend, that streaks our morning bright,

'Tis *this* that gilds the horror of our night.

When *friends* forsake us, or when foes pursue,

When *friends* are faithless, or when friends are few,

'Tis *this*, that wards the blow, or stills the smart,

Disarms affliction, or repels her dart ;

Within the breast bids purest rapture rise,

Bids smiling Conscience spread her cloudless skies.

Anon.

As I am very much of the opinion of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia, that even the happy valley becomes wearisome if we are compelled to live in it without change, I shall, for the present, leave my heroine and her family at Paris, and

return to Lord de Clifford, and the events that occurred after his arrival in England ; and as I believe variety is generally sought and desired, I shall quit the subject of balls, plays, and lovers, and present to the attention of my readers incidents of a very different nature, as they refer to old age, sickness, and eventually death. In the scenes witnessed by Lord de Clifford, while attending the melancholy close of Lord Trelawney's career, I shall hope to give a moral to my tale, by shewing the misery that attends the last hours of a being whose whole existence has been devoted to ambition and to worldly pursuits ; who has made riches and advancement the sole aim of life, and has been ensnared by them to an inconsiderate and thoughtless love of self, and to the forgetfulness of what is due to our Creator, who generally, sooner or later, reminds us of our negligence and errors, by some signal mark of his displeasure.

Lord de Clifford passed only one day in London, and immediately proceeded to Tre-

lawney Castle, in the north of England. As he drove up to the principal entrance, the stillness and melancholy appearance of the mansion too plainly told that death, the last enemy of us all, had been there. The village church almost joined the castle, and, at the moment of Lord de Clifford's arrival, the bell was tolling the melancholy signal of the final departure of one of the humble inhabitants of the hamlet adjoining. All combined together to make Lord de Clifford feel the uncertainty and changes of life. A few months back, and the owner of Trelawney Castle was the happy father of two sons. The first ambition of his life had been to transmit this fine old mansion and property to them. It appeared as if the carelessness and indifference which Lord Trelawney had shewn towards his daughter, his stern rejection of her after her misconduct, had been punished by a superintending Providence. By depriving him of *those* idols which he had set up, and to whom he had devoted the latter part of his life, as being heirs to what he valued most, his titles

and estates, the Almighty had made him feel, in the loss of these beloved objects, the infiction due to those who, regardless of the first and second great commandment, allow their thoughts and affections to be solely devoted to temporal instead of eternal objects.

On entering the castle, Lord de Clifford was informed that, on the day preceding, Lord Trelawney had had a slight paralytic seizure after his breakfast;—that, however, he was partly recovered from the effects of it; and that his physician was then with him. Lord de Clifford enquired of his medical attendant, whether it would not be better to delay informing the invalid of his arrival. But as he had appeared, prior to the attack, to be anxious to see him, the physician thought it would not prove injurious, if done with proper precaution.

In a few hours it was announced to Lord de Clifford that Lord Trelawney wished to see him. He had been prepared to witness a dreadful change, but not to the extent he now perceived it to be. He had seen him the year

before, (when each was attending his duties in the House of Lords,) a handsome looking man, for his age, and though considerably turned of sixty, seeming much younger. But, since that time, grief and sickness had completely crushed the spirit, destroyed the strength of the body, and weakened the mind of this unfortunate old man; and, from the effects of the paralytic stroke, he was scarcely to be recognised.

The pleasure which he received in seeing his son-in-law, Lord Trelawney expressed with a warmth of manner very unusual in him; but he appeared to look forward to the hope of being soon removed from this world; and to regret that lengthened life had been given to one who ceased to care for it. But how shocked was Lord de Clifford to find that, with the hatred of existence, and the unwillingness to bear its burdens, no hopes of a happy futurity seemed to cheer the prospects of this unhappy man, in the awful change that was approaching.

For several days Lord de Clifford only saw him at stated periods in the day. But, finding

that he was getting considerably better, he latterly had spent the best part of the morning with him, and the early part of the evening until he retired. Indeed, he seemed so dependent on him, and so fearful that, in consequence of his being better, he should leave him, that, however inconvenient it might be, Lord de Clifford determined to remain. He accordingly wrote to his family at Paris, desiring them to proceed to Bruxelles. I will give some extracts from his letters, as they will prove interesting.

“To leave this unhappy relative, dear Isabella, under the melancholy circumstances I have detailed to you, is impossible; I therefore recommend your leaving Paris, and awaiting my return at Bruxelles, where, it is probable, I shall join you soon; for, though better at present, the physician has no hopes of Lord Trelawney’s life being prolonged beyond a few weeks; and, should he be seized with a second paralytic stroke, he would most probably not survive it. Hugh must, therefore, continue to prosecute his enquiries about his mother, and ascertain, if

possible, her existence and present residence. I have not yet ventured to name her to her father; I mean to do so the first opportunity that occurs, and shall hope to bring him to grant her his forgiveness. He appears to be so completely overcome by the misfortunes that have fallen upon him, that I am in hopes the principle of good, that exists in us all, may work in favour of his erring daughter. I feel I shall have much to contend with; and to bring him to think on the subject *as I do*, will, I know, be difficult; but the effort shall be made. I was greatly surprised, the other day, by a visit from Fairfax. Do you not recollect the young and handsome lieutenant in your father's regiment at Quebec, whom I was, in those days, half inclined to be jealous of, from the open admiration he expressed for you and your sister? He resides in this neighbourhood. He married a Scotch woman of rank and family; and, last year, by the death of a distant cousin, he unexpectedly succeeded to an earldom. His wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, died some

months ago, and her daughter, who attended her during a lingering illness, suffered so much in health from her long attendance on her suffering parent, as well as from sorrow for her loss, that an aunt has taken her abroad for a few months, in hopes that a change of scene may be of service to her. Fairfax seemed anxious about her, but I encouraged him to hope every thing from the plan they are pursuing, and instanced you, as a proof of the benefit derived from it. His eldest son is a fine pleasing young man, in the navy, but out of employment at present. I see both him and his father (now Lord Glanmore) very often; as, aware what a recluse life I lead with the poor invalid, they good-naturedly often call here," &c. &c.

In consequence of the determination to name his daughter to Lord Trelawney, Lord de Clifford, the first morning he thought him sufficiently well, entered on the subject, by enquiring if he knew where Lady Ellis was, or if he had lately heard any thing of her.

"I have neither sought nor received any in-

telligence of her," replied Lord de Trelawney, "nor do I wish to know; and I only feel thankful that she has, from I hope a proper sense of her misconduct, and the disgrace she has thrown on her family, concealed herself for ever from the eyes of the world."

"But I trust, my Lord," answered Lord de Clifford, "you have long since forgiven her, as I have done, who certainly was the most injured of the two."

Lord Trelawney looked at him for some moments in apparent surprise. "Forgiven her!" he exclaimed. "Never!—To *her* I attribute every misfortune that has happened to me."

"I cannot comprehend," replied Lord de Clifford, "how you can attribute to Lady Ellis's conduct any events that may have occurred since the unfortunate one that separated her for ever from her family."

"So it may appear to you, who judge only from appearances, but, had it not been for her misconduct, should I have married again? No. But in consequence of that I did, and tied my-

self to a woman whose temper was the bane of my life.”

“ Whatever might have been the faults of Lady Trelawney’s temper, (of which I was not aware,) still I hardly think your daughter had any thing to do with your choice when you chose to marry again. But, putting that question aside, on which we differ, you forget that the great object of your marrying again was gratified by the birth of your children ; though the will of the Almighty has deprived you of them.”

“ I allow that the object of my second marriage *was* gratified in the way you mention ; but had I never married, my children would not have been born, and I should have been spared the grief and anxiety of mind, that has brought me to this state of health. Thus, if you look to the effects which have been produced from the assigned cause, you will, like myself, deduce all I have suffered from the wickedness of Lady Ellis, as she is, I understand, called.”

“ I own your deduction, my lord, goes far beyond any thing I could have conceived. But,” continued Lord de Clifford, on perceiving the irritable old man could ill bear the contradiction, “ had you not better forget, ill as you are, the many grievances you are inclined to heap on your daughter, and forgive her transgression ? A great one it must ever be considered ; but still we must hope it has been followed by years of repentance. She married her seducer, and I have reason to believe her conduct was until his death perfectly correct. Since then, I have heard nothing of her.” This was said, and put rather as a question, in the hope that Lord Trelawney might, by answering it, give him the opportunity of saying more in extenuation of Lady Ellis’s conduct.

After a few minutes’ silence, Lord Trelawney resumed the conversation by saying,—“ I beg this subject may not again be discussed between us:—it agitates and irritates me. My mind has long been made up on the subject. But, before it is finally dismissed, I will mention, that some

years ago—my weakened memory prevents my recollecting the year—a gentleman called on me, refusing to give his name. He was admitted, and I saw him. He then told me he had come at the desire of my daughter, from whom he had brought a letter, and that he was authorized by her to explain many circumstances attending her conduct, which, he trusted, would mitigate my displeasure towards her, and induce me to give him hopes that in time I would forgive her. Exasperated at the boldness that could allow her to fancy that on any terms my forgiveness would be granted, I refused receiving her letter, and likewise hearing any thing that he had to say. Since then, I have heard nothing of or from her. A father's curse I have spared her guilty head, but forgiveness never, never must she expect it."

On concluding these words, his state of agitation was such that Lord de Clifford was fearful of pressing the subject any further. Indeed, he almost felt unwilling to name it again, knowing his obstinate and irritable temper, which

his daughter and grandson Hugh had, in different degrees, inherited from him, and likewise perceiving the injurious effect which it produced on his health ; for, after the conversation we have detailed, he was too unwell so see his guest for several days, and was then only visible for an hour occasionally.

One morning, Lord de Clifford and the physician who attended Lord Trelawney were for a short time together, previous to the latter being admitted to his patient. After some conversation on the state of Lord Trelawney's health, Lord de Clifford asked Doctor Bond, if his Lordship had ever expressed a wish to see the excellent and respectable clergyman who resided near him, and was the rector of the parish.

“ He has not,” replied Doctor Bond, “ and on some accounts it is perhaps to be regretted, as every day the life of his Lordship is drawing towards its close, and a second paralytic attack is much to be dreaded.”

“ If that is your opinion, should not Lord

Trelawney be made aware of his situation, and the forlorn hope that exists of his recovery?"

"I think it would be advantageous in a religious point of view, and particularly as your Lordship must be sensible Lord Trelawney is a great latitudinarian in his opinions on those subjects."

"In that case, Doctor Bond, I must consider that *you* are the proper person to mention the subject to him, and that you are wrong in neglecting to do so."

"Pardon me, my lord, my profession calls on me to lengthen life, if possible, and to soothe the pains and anguish attendant on disease. We seek not, therefore, to add to it mental inquietude, but leave the state of the mind to our sister profession, the church. Indeed, generally speaking, I have found that, unless the mind is a very strong one, the disorder is aggravated in most instances, and the bad symptoms increased, by the invalid being informed of his hopeless state. As, therefore, it is my object, by raising hopes, to prolong existence, you must

excuse my not interfering with the duties of the clergy. In fact, I seldom recommend that truth should be told, unless the affairs of my patient render it necessary or advisable, which in this case I understand it is not."

"I cannot agree, Doctor, with you in the philosophical manner in which you treat a subject that I consider so essential to the happiness present and future of my relative, more particularly as you appear to think Lord Trelawney's religious sentiments are such as to render it necessary that he should be prepared for the momentous change.—I feel it, therefore, incumbent on me, as his friend, to speak to him on the subject, as you will not. At present I should think there is little fear of its being injurious to him, as his lordship apparently has no fears of death, and, indeed, seems to wish to be released."

"However, personally," replied Doctor Bond, "I may wish to be excused informing Lord Trelawney of his situation, I cannot blame your Lordship for wishing him to be aware of it.

But you are mistaken if you think the invalid's mind is sufficiently firm to view the approach of death without terror. So long as he thought it distant, the enemy was wished for, nay, courted ; but you will find that, when it approaches as near as it does in this instance, it is only the firm and strong faith of a Christian that enables us to surmount the terrors of approaching dissolution. I allow the apparent inconsistency of lamenting the evils of life, and yet, at the same time, dreading what will be the termination of them. But so it is,—and though I fear Lord Trelawney's health will be certainly injured by the communication, yet I beg your Lordship to understand I am far from wishing to dissuade *you* from making it."

A servant at this period of the conversation entered to inform Doctor Bond that Lord Trelawney was ready to receive him. He then, after making his bow to Lord de Clifford, left the room.

Notwithstanding the opinion given by Doctor Bond, Lord de Clifford still persisted in doing

what he considered right ; at the same time he unwillingly acknowledged to himself that much of what he had said was true. For the last few days he had remarked in Lord Trelawney an apprehension of being worse, and a daily increasing anxiety for the visits of his physician, which had surprized him. That life should be desired by one who had been apparently wishing for its close for many weeks, astonished him still more. But he also admitted that *his* opinions and sentiments might be very different, supposing he had been in the same state of health as his invalid relative.

Under all these circumstances he felt the situation he was placed in to be most embarrassing, and he had some thoughts of delaying the disclosure for a few days, when it was hastened in consequence of the following conversation with Lord Trelawney, while sitting with him the day after he had spoken to Dr. Bond.

“Your account of my grandson,” said Lord Trelawney, “is so flattering a one that I almost regret he did not accompany you ; and I was

thinking the other day, that, as he will inherit some of these days the title of Trelawney, it is much to be regretted it should be sunk in that of de Clifford. I therefore purpose, as soon as I am sufficiently recovered, to use my interest with ministers (which is very great), and get the reversion of my title given to his second son or eldest daughter, in case he should not have the former."

How strange did it appear to Lord de Clifford, that, even on the verge of the grave, ambitious views should still occupy a mind that ought to have been devoted to higher and better subjects.

While he was thus lost in thought, and mentally grieving, on the melancholy state of mind of a man who, in the desire of preferment and honours, thus neglected to prepare for the awful change that was fast approaching, he forgot to answer Lord Trelawney, who enquired what he was thinking of.

"I am unwilling to tell you, my Lord, as I fear it might be disagreeable to you to hear."

Lord Trelawney, conceiving he alluded to

what he had been saying, particularly requested to be told. His surprise, and even disbelief, when informed that Doctor Bond considered his days were numbered, and that his 'span of life' was dwindling fast away, it is impossible to describe or conceive.

"It cannot be so," he kept repeating; "I feel stronger than I have done for some days. A few trifling symptoms, which are of no consequence, are certainly not better; but, in other respects, I am not worse. What, therefore, does Doctor Bond fear?"

"Your complaints, my Lord, are such as at your age are seldom if ever cured. Forgive me, therefore, my telling you the truth. I own I have felt anxious that you should be made aware of your situation, and the state of your health. I felt it would be cruel to deceive you; the earnest wishes I have expressed that you should be reconciled to your daughter arose partly from the knowledge how little time was allotted you to forgive in this world, and to seek to be forgiven in the next. I was in hopes, from

hearing your wishes for a speedy release from all the anxieties of life, that the information I have now given you, would not find you unprepared."

"I certainly was *not* prepared for it," said Lord Trelawney in an agitated voice, "and must beg to see Doctor Bond as soon as possible; as, until then, I must think you are mistaken, or at least have misunderstood him," and requesting Lord de Clifford to order Doctor Bond to be sent for immediately, he with difficulty, while awaiting his arrival, regained some degree of composure.

In a short time he desired to be informed how long Lord de Clifford had known Doctor Bond's opinion. On being told, after a few minutes silence, Lord Trelawney said, "Our feelings vary very much, according to the state of health and mind we are in. Prosperity and adversity likewise make us very different creatures. Under the influence of grief, regret, and sorrow for my poor boy's death, life was a burden to me. But your society, and the hope of seeing all my views and

wishes realised in my grandson, have brought back the wish to lengthen a life which was, at one time, most irksome to me. But I cannot and will not believe I am as ill as you fancy I am ; and I begin to suspect you thus heighten my fears, in the hope of making me think more favourably of Lady Ellis. But you are mistaken," added he, with a violence of temper he was occasionally subject to ; " in life, or on my death-bed, I will not retract. Let her seek forgiveness of her God, for mine she shall not have."

" Oh ! my Lord," exclaimed Lord de Clifford, " let me not hear you thus express yourself. What are your expectations in that world to which you are fast journeying ? Can you hope, in your present frame of mind, that your sins and errors will be forgiven, when you deny forgiveness to your daughter ? We ' acknowledge and confess there is a God, supremely just and good, and that vice and virtue receive their due reward and punishment, if not in *this* life, in the next. Perhaps your wretched daughter, disowned by every friend, has paid

in misery and sorrow the penalty due to the adulteress ; but let not a father's anger hang over her head, and embitter her last moments. When after death shall come the awful day, and the Almighty, with impartial eyes, shall view our actions, and punish or reward them as his justice thinks most fit, how will you dare to appear before *Him*, and ask that forgiveness for yourself which you grant not to others ?”

But vain were all Lord de Clifford's arguments on this subject, and at last he ceased to urge him, as he found him invulnerable to all he said. Perceiving Lord Trelawney still clung to the *hope*, that Doctor Bond would give a more favourable opinion of his case than *he* had done, he trusted that when our “ last best friend” was taken from him, he would no longer thus tenaciously cling to the bad passions which he had encouraged for so many years.

Doctor Bond arrived ; and, when urged by his patient to inform him of the real state of his health, he did so. But why should I enter further into details that must be painful to

repeat. I will hasten, therefore, to close this chapter, which I feel has been less pleasing than the others, and will only add, that Lord de Clifford's attendance on his relative became daily more distressing and unpleasant. A mind vacillating between the ambitious views of this world and the fears attending an uncertain future ; no religious hope ; no firm and steady faith to guide " the wanderer on his way" to that " bourne from whence no traveller returns ;" made Lord Trelawney's state most melancholy. But Lord de Clifford determined to remain with him until the last moment, although he perceived that, latterly, the invalid appeared to be rather indifferent to his society.

He accordingly wrote to Lady de Clifford, at Brussels, desiring her to proceed to Spa, when agreeable to her, and to give up all hopes of seeing him until Lord Trelawney was released from his bodily and mental miseries. We will, therefore, in the following chapter, return to our heroine at Paris, where we left her preparing for her departure with her family to the Netherlands.

CHAPTER II.

Heavens ! how unlike their Belgic sires of old,
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold,
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow—
How much unlike the sons of *Belgium* now !

Goldsmith.

WITH pleasure I retrace my steps, and bring
back my readers from the melancholy castle of
Trelawney.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn, and France displays her bright domain ;
Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please.

Few, I believe, can deny, that, however France
may remain the same, revolution and war
have materially altered the natives of the land,
and that Frenchmen are no longer what they
were when Goldsmith wrote the above lines.

Let us hope the change is for the better—at least I for one am inclined to think it is so—as although their education still is, and has been, a neglected one, from their having been obliged under Napoleon to enter the army at an early age, yet their ignorance is no longer so extreme as it was under the *ancien regime*; when a peer of high rank at the court of Louis the Sixteenth (the Duc d’U——) once asked an English nobleman, how many postes there were from Calais to Dover; for, not being aware that England was an island, he conceived the journey was made by land. Thus, if no other advantage has been gained by war, Frenchmen have at least acquired a better knowledge of geography. But as this is a digression, which my readers will not perhaps hank me for, I shall return to the subject of my story.

As soon as the letter from Lord de Clifford, already mentioned, was received, Lady de Clifford decided to leave Paris as soon as possible. Poor Rosa saw the preparations with the deepest

regret ; for though Monteith was likely to be at Spa during the summer, yet it was an uncertainty. He was going to spend two years abroad, unless recalled by the duties of his profession, and on his return to England, they might not meet for years, even if the sentiments of partiality which he appeared to feel for her still existed. Thus the future to our poor heroine was most gloomy. She still, however, would not acknowledge to herself that she felt more for him than that kind of preference which was due to his talents and merits.

Perhaps she avoided the knowledge of the truth, being sensible that, in that case, self-reproof would have been the consequence ; and as, at all ages, those are unpleasant feelings, which we seek to evade and drive from us, Rosa (I will not say wisely) sought to blind herself to the evils that might arise from encouraging an attachment to a young man whom there was little hope, from his small fortune, she would ever be enabled to marry.

She vainly tried to conceal from her mother

her regret at leaving Paris, who naturally attributed it to the feelings usual to girls when they leave, for comparative retirement, a place where they have been much admired.

On the morning they were to set out, Monteith called, having only heard the day before, from de Clifford, of their departure, and intention of spending a few weeks at Bruxelles. *His* countenance, like Rosa's, was a tell-tale one, and it was with difficulty he made even an effort to converse. Elmsworth was gone to Versailles, and they did not see him.

While Monteith was still lingering in the sitting-room, unwilling to say the unwelcome word good-bye, yet feeling he ought to go, the courier announced that every thing was ready, and the horses were put to. De Clifford, taking his mother's arm, led her to the carriage, and Monteith offered his to Rosa. Both imperceptibly lingered behind, and both seemed inclined to speak, and yet were silent. When they reached the bottom of the stairs, Hugh, dissatisfied with the way in which one of the

trunks had been placed, desired it to be altered, and this for a little time detained them.

“ We shall meet soon, I hope, Mr. Monteith,” said Rosa, with a faint smile, wishing to break the silence.

“ Did I think your words *really* conveyed your wishes, Miss de Clifford, what would I not do to overcome all the obstacles that may prevent my going to Spa this summer ! But, as I know they are only words of course, I must be satisfied with the small share of your remembrance, which I trust you will think me entitled to. But let me, before we part,” continued he, taking the unresisting hand which he held under his arm, “ let me express the happiness I have experienced in yours and your family’s society since I have been here—a happiness too great to last, but which will be remembered by me as the sunshine of an existence, that, when I am separated from *you*, will indeed appear dark and gloomy, when compared to the happy hours passed in *your* society.”

At that moment Hugh called to his sister

to say all was ready. Monteith, pressing Rosa's hand, helped her into the carriage. An affectionate shake of the hand from de Clifford, a friendly bow from his mother, and the "*en route*" of the courier to the post-boys, which was immediately followed by the cracking of the whips, and the rolling away of the carriage from under the porte cochère of the Hôtel Mirabeau, was the last Monteith at that time saw of a family whose society had been his greatest resource at Paris. Of *one* individual of it, he felt neither time nor absence could ever erase the recollection from his mind.

We will now attend our heroine to Brussels. Her averted face and blushing cheeks, on parting with Monteith, were not perceived by her mother, who was at the moment occupied in taking a last view of that beautiful column which will ever be a memorial of the bravery of Frenchmen, and immortalise the hero and the general whose equal is not to be found in ancient or modern history, and whom the present

dynasty vainly seek to consign to oblivion. She had, therefore, recovered herself sufficiently to answer some remark of her mother's with sufficient composure for her agitation not to be perceptible; and as, on leaving the Fauxbourgs, the party appeared inclined to be silent, Rosa had full time allowed her to think on Monteith, on what he had said, and the meaning his words were intended to convey.

Thus ruminating, the hours did not pass unpleasantly to our heroine. It was a kind of *day-dream*, if I may so express myself, and she occasionally awoke to real life, when addressed in conversation, only to return to former thoughts, and doze and dream again of Monteith, and on what he had said. I shall say nothing of so uninteresting a country as that from Paris to Belgium, which is unworthy of the remarks of any one but the historian. To such only is it interesting. The sight of the well-fortified towns, the plains where so many a well-fought battle has been won and lost, must ever awaken painful, yet not unpleasant recol-

lections, and must make the frontiers of Belgium and France deeply interesting to those who are versed in modern history, and the events that occurred at the end of the last century and the beginning of this. But to the eye of the traveller nothing can be more dull or more uninteresting. I shall therefore pass Rosa and her family safely through the *Douanes*, remarking only, for the advantage of those who may follow them, that they found the Belgian *Douaniers* singularly civil, and, what is more extraordinary, liberal, as they refused the money offered them by de Clifford, in hopes of tempting them to allow the carriage to pass without being searched.

On the evening of the third day they arrived at the Hôtel de Belle Vue, at Brussels, and were immediately accommodated with most agreeable apartments on the *rez de chaussée*, (or ground floor,) overlooking the Park, or what we, in England, should denominate a Square.

As soon as they were settled, Hugh took his father's letter of credit, and set off for the house

of Mr. Danoot, the banker. But here, as at Paris, he found absent the person he most wished to see, Mr. Henessey, the chief partner, being at Frankfort, where he was likely to be detained a few weeks, in consequence of the failure of a banking-house there, with which they were connected; and, until his return, it was impossible to give Mr. de Clifford any information on the subject of Lady Ellis's money. It was, therefore, necessary to be patient, and, in the mean time, they determined to see every thing worthy of notice. Lady de Clifford called at the English ambassador's, and also left a card, (with a letter of introduction,) at a Comtesse de Vertignüy's, which had been given her by Lord de Clifford, who particularly desired she would find her out, he having known her intimately at the time she and her husband were emigrants in England, when they had received great civilities and attentions from his father. She was now a widow, resident at Brussels, and Lady de Clifford, through her laquais de place, had no difficulty in discovering her residence.

The town and the environs were well deserving of being seen, and the de Cliffords did not regret being detained in a place with which they were at first so much pleased. But they had not been more than ten days at Brussels, when Rosa and her mother began to be dissatisfied with the sameness of the place, and the oppressive heat which, in summer, is intense, from the reflexion of the white stone houses on the stone pavement.

As they were one evening seated near the window, the loud cracking of the post-boys' whips gave them notice of the approach of travellers. Very soon an open calèche with four post-horses, came in sight, up the Rue Royale. A gentleman, two ladies, and the fourth evidently a maid, from her wearing a cap, and no bonnet, (usually the case in that class of life on the continent,) were seated in it; they passed so rapidly that neither Rosa nor her mother could distinguish the countenances of the party, until the youngest, apparently recognizing Lady de Clifford and her daughter, kissed

her hand, and they immediately guessed it must be the Roche Guyons, on their road to Spa. And so it proved, as the next morning Rosa received the following note from Mademoiselle de St. Quentin.

“ *Ce Jeudi Matin.*

“Je ne veux pas attendre n’y différer de témoigner à ma charmante Anglaise le plaisir que j’ai ressenti hier, en apprenant que l’aimable famille de Clifford étoit toujours à Bruxelles. J’en suis charmée, et je me flatte que j’aurai souvent le plaisir de les voir pendant notre séjour ici—Je compte profiter de ma première sortie, pour me rendre chez vous. Avez vous demain une heure à votre disposition ? et vous conviendra-t’il de me recevoir ? Recevez, je vous prie, les assurances de mes sentimens distingués. Je sert, en même temps, d’organe à maman, dont la santé est toujours très délicate.—*Marie de St. Quentin.*”

“ *Hôtel de l’Europe—Place Royale.*”

Our heroine, on receiving this note, was delighted at the prospect of having a young friend

so agreeable as Marie, to be with during the tedious fortnight she expected to remain at Bruxelles. She hastened, therefore, to answer her noté, and express the pleasure she felt at her arrival, and named an hour for the promised visit.

Mademoiselle de St. Quentin arrived at the appointed time, and was extremely agreeable. They had, she said, left Paris a few days after them, and had been paying a visit to an old lady in the neighbourhood of Malines, an aunt of her father's, who had, when the Low Countries was a province of Austria, married a Belgian, and had settled in that country. She gave a ludicrous account of the manner in which they passed their time.

“ Concevez,” continued she, “ un chateau au bord du canal, dont le local, à la verité, est assez joli—mais ou on ne voit personne, à l'exception de la barque d'Anvers, qui passe deux fois par jour, et un vieux curé, qui venait tous les jours conter à ma tante les nouvelles du voisinage.”

“ But,” said Rosa, “ if you had a neighbour-

hood, the living so retired was, I imagine, optional to you and Madame la Comtesse."

"Pardonnez moi, ma belle amie, for the neighbourhood I talk of was a village which consisted only of cottages, with one rather larger than the others, dignified by the name of auberge, with *estaminet* and *billiard* in large black letters over the door; the latter to the great annoyance of my good old aunt and the curé, and certainly not to the advantage of the morals or good conduct of our poor neighbours. I must now tell you how the tedious long day was passed. We rose at six, went to mass at seven, (car ma tante, par parenthèse, est très dévote,) in a chapel attached to the house. We breakfasted at half-past seven, dined at one, and supped at six, and went to bed at nine. In short, we lived like the primitive Christians, and, like them, I was a martyr to duty, though not *exactly* in the same way. Ennui, or what in your country your brother tells me is called "les diables bleus," took possession of me, and had it not been for the hope of soon turning my

back on the old curé and *la chère tante*, je me serai jettée un beau matin dans le canal. Mais," added Marie, laughing, "il n'auroit reçu que mon corps, car mon cœur et âme auraient pris l'essor vers Paris ou Spa. Maintenant, que je suis ici, je compte m'amuser; demain nous allons au spectacle, car aujourd'hui il y a relâche au théâtre. Ce soir nous comptons faire une tour de visites, et j'espère être reçue chez l'Ambassadeur Britannique, Mercredi prochain; y allez vous, miladi?" continued Marie, turning to Lady de Clifford, "c'est une soirée dansante; et on me dit que les soirées chez votre ambassadeur sont très agréables."

"I am uncertain," answered Lady de Clifford; "it must depend on circumstances. We are daily expecting to hear of the death of a near relation."

"Comment donc, ce pauvre grandpapa est toujours à la mort! Mon Dieu! comme cela doit être triste! Mais, comme sa maladie traîne en longueur, il y a toujours l'espoir que vous irez Mercredi."

“When we received the invitation,” said Rosa, “I did not particularly wish to go ; but now, that you tell me you are likely to be there, I hope we shall be able to accept it.”

As Marie was going out of the room, she saw lying on the table an invitation from the Comtesse de Vertignüy, to a dinner-party. She took it up and read it, and Rosa asked if she was acquainted with her.

“No,” replied Mademoiselle de St. Quentin, “I am not acquainted with her, but my cousin La Comtesse de Mornay is, and I know she dines there. I believe you will meet another acquaintance of mine, Le Chevalier de Méry. Il me faisoit sa cour autrefois ; mais cela s’est passé ; et maintenant il est l’amoureux, à ce qu’on me dit, d’une jolie Italienne, dont il est fou, et qui est ici—Mais il a le cœur un peu volage, ce Chevalier de Méry,” added she, laughing.

“Perhaps,” said Rosa, “you set him the example, and he has proved too good a scholar for his mistress.”

“ Ah ! méchante ! ” replied Marie, shaking her head at Rosa, “ vous osez faire la maman aujourd’hui, et vous donner le ton de me corriger. Craignez, ” added she, holding up her finger to her, “ craignez ma colère ; je prendrai ma revanche un de ces jours. ”

She then agreed with her young friend to walk with her on the following day, and departed.

Mademoiselle de St. Quentin, true to her appointment, called on Rosa, and, accompanied by a steady French maid of the former, they walked in the park. She found Marie so pleasing, amiable, and entertaining, that by degrees these walks were repeated daily by the young people, with the permission of their mothers, who were both unable to accompany them, from their health being indifferent.

At first, Lady de Clifford had been extremely unwilling to trust her Rosa so constantly with Mademoiselle de St. Quentin, aware as she was of the faulty part of her character. But Marie,

as with every one else, had ingratiated herself with Lady de Clifford, and as, in her's and her daughter's society, those faults were not called forth, they ceased, imperceptibly, to be remembered in the sweet-tempered, affectionate creature, who generally spent several hours with her of a morning, and whose conversation, lively and intelligent, made her an agreeable and instructive companion to Rosa. The latter, however, sometimes felt inclined to doubt whether her society would thus have been sought and courted, but for the sake of her brother, who often accompanied them in their walks. For Rosa now felt more than ever certain that Hugh, although he did not and would not acknowledge it, was much attached to her friend Marie. At times, however, he surprised her, by often finding fault with her, whenever she said any thing he did not approve of, or acted in a way he did not like. Marie always bore his remarks, and occasional ill-humour, with unvaried sweetness of temper, and tried to correct many

little faults of which he disapproved. The terms of love, or friendship, which apparently existed between them, often surprised Rosa, and this circumstance was the subject of repeated conversations between her and her mother.

CHAPTER III.

The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopped, impatiently doth rage ;
But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamelled stones.
————— Then let me go, and hinder not my course ;
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love ;
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

Shakspeare.

THE weather had latterly been intensely hot, and for several days Rosa and Marie had been unable to take their morning walk ; but finding that business would prevent de Clifford accompanying the two friends, they one afternoon agreed that, as the heat did not allow them to take their usual exercise, they would have chairs in the park, and seat themselves in the shade. A bad headache prevented Lady de Clifford

going with them. Attended by Mademoiselle de St. Quentin's French maid, they put their plan in execution. After they had been seated a short time, Marie enquired, "Is it not to morrow you dine with Madame de Vertignüy?" Rosa answered in the affirmative. "Pray," said Mademoiselle de St. Quentin, "give me a long detail of your party, and tell me how you like ma cousine, Madame de Mornay. She is very handsome and pleasing. I hear the Chevalier de Méry's *bien aimée* is to be there with her husband, le Comte Corbinelli. The Comtesse Corbinelli is a well-behaved agreeable little person. But her sposo is so jealous of her, as to make himself quite ridiculous. I suspect that the Chevalier sees that, and shews her attention to provoke him. By the bye," continued Marie, "I threatened you the other day, if you recollect, with taking my revenge, when you laughed at me about him. I think this will be a good opportunity to begin. Pray," looking sily at Rosa, "have you heard lately from your friend Mr. Monteith?"

“ No, indeed,” answered Rosa, blushing deeply, “ we do not correspond with him.”

“ Then you cannot tell me whether he is likely to be at Spa ?” asked Marie.

“ It is, I believe, an uncertainty. When we left Paris, he told us he feared not.”

“ And have you, *ma belle amie*, no regrets on the subject? *car, avouez qu’il est amoureux de vous?*”

“ I cannot acknowledge what he has never given me any reason to think is the case,” answered Rosa, happy to avoid the first question by answering the last; but, willing to turn the tables on her friend, she added, “ I think *I* ought to enquire what makes *you* so inquisitive.”

Marie looked stedfastly at her for a few instants, until Rosa felt and appeared uneasy at the scrutiny.

“ Perhaps I have more inclination to be honest, and tell the truth, my fair friend, than you have. And if I could read your heart, as well as I do my own, I might, or might not, be sincere with you. But, if *you really* wish me to answer your question openly, first candidly tell

me are you likely to marry either Lord Elmsworth or Mr. Monteith ?”

“ Neither the one nor the other, I assure you,” answered Rosa, “ and I have no reason to think that the first, whose fortune will allow him to marry, will ever make choice of me ; and the other has no fortune to allow him to encumber himself with a portionless wife.”

Rosa, while saying this, felt an agitation she could scarcely conquer, which increased still more when Marie said, “ But, if he were to meet with one, who, possessing a handsome fortune, was willing to bestow it on him, would he, do you think, object to matrimony *then* ?”

“ Not,” replied Rosa, “ if he loved the person ; but I know Mr. Monteith so well that I feel certain, unless he had an affection for her, no motive of interest would tempt him to marry any one.”

“ Ah, I feel that to be most true,” answered Marie, with a sigh, “ and it is what I admire so much in his character. Ma douce amie,” continued she, after a short pause, “ I have already

said too much, unless I say more. Je vous donne ma confiance entière. I have known Mr. Monteith for some time. I was first attracted towards him by his neglect and apparent dislike to me. Accustomed to be courted and admired by men, in a country where women are considered idols, and treated as such, if they possess only a moderate share of beauty and talents, I was surprised and astonished to find one, and only one, who dared to shew me indifference. Had Mr. Monteith been one of those who sought my notice and conversation, he would probably have been overlooked among the many. But the moment he placed himself out of the circle of my little court, he became an object I felt ambitious to draw within it. I tried various means to make *him* sensible of that power, which I possessed over others,—mais, sans succès. In doing so, shall I acknowledge to ma belle amie, that I was caught in the snare I had laid for him, and I soon found myself deeply interested in one who appeared perfectly indifferent to me. Mr. Monteith left Florence, and

carried with him mes regrets, mes souvenirs, et, j'ose vous l'avouer, mon cœur. I saw nothing more of him until I met him at Paris, and will own, that at first his manners appeared so changed, that I began to flatter myself he liked me, and that my large fortune prevented his seeking me, from his feeling too proud to be indebted even to the woman he loved, for those riches which it would have been the height of her ambition and happiness to bestow on him. But soon I discovered that my suspicions were wrong. They were next turned towards you, and I tried to find out from your brother if there was any foundation for them. He has, however, repeatedly assured me that your heart is equally cold to all who have shewn you attention, and that, if there is any one you prefer, it is Lord Elmsworth, I have, therefore, *chère et douce amie*, ventured to tell you—*tous mes chagrins et mes ennuis*; and, if I can judge of others by myself, I trust you will consider the confidence I place in you, as a proof of my affection for you."

If ever any of my readers have been placed in the same situation as Rosa, *they*, and *they* only, can understand her feelings during this speech of Mademoiselle de St. Quentin. A large Leghorn bonnet, fortunately for her, in some degree shaded her face from Marie, who, much occupied with what she was relating, and likewise with her own feelings, had scarcely ventured to look at her friend, and, while speaking, had been chiefly occupied in pulling to pieces a bouquet she had purchased from a pretty bouquetière on going into the park.

This was fortunate for Rosa, as, before Marie had concluded, she recovered her serenity of countenance, though the inward agitation was unconquered. She had, likewise, to consider her answer; and, still anxious to drive off every question likely to be put *to her* on the subject, she replied by saying, in a low voice,—

“You certainly have surprized me. I own I thought my brother had been attached to you, and from appearances I conceived you returned it.”

“ Ah ! chère Rose, que vous connaissez peu l’amour ! Concealment is, I might say, almost the essence and soul of love. The friendship your brother and I feel for each other wears no disguise, is artless, is sincere. Had I never known Mr. Monteith, Mr. de Clifford might perhaps have been the object of my attachment ; we know each other too well, we see each other’s faults too clearly, ever to be ensnared into a warmer feeling than friendship for each other. Besides, your brother’s temper would never agree or suit mine.”

Rosa was a little piqued at her thus finding fault with her brother, and, like all sisters, would allow no one to blame him but herself. She, therefore, rather sharply answered—perhaps a little jealous irritation lurking in her mind (and of which she felt ashamed,) towards her friend,—

“ I am sorry, Mademoiselle de St. Quentin, you do not appreciate my brother’s excellent qualities. Few tempers are more amiable than his, though he is perhaps quick in disposition.

But for goodness of heart, I believe he is unequalled."

"There spoke the affectionate and attached sister," replied Marie, placing her hand on Rosa's arm, and pressing it affectionately. "Je vous pardonne la chaleur avec laquelle vous m'avez adressée, chère amie. Je l'ai mérité, je n'aurais pas dû vous entretenir des défauts d'un frère chéri, et dont les défauts même sont aimables et intéressants. Pardonnez à votre Marie les mots qui lui ont échappé."

This was said in her sweetest manner, and Rosa's contrite face shewed that she felt the fault was rather on her side. Blushing at the quickness of temper she had displayed, she returned Marie's friendly pressure, which reconciled the two friends; and, soon after, a violent shower of rain obliged them to return to their hotel.

Was it ill-humour? was it jealousy? that for several days prevented our heroine meeting Marie with the same warmth of feeling she had hitherto done. She even excused herself

from walking with her, by pleading illness, and she felt happy a change in the weather from heat and a cloudless sky to storms and rain prevented her mother from remarking the alteration in her conduct towards her new friend, which she felt her conversation with Mademoiselle de St. Quentin had caused, and for which she called herself severely to account. But it was with Rosa as Shakespeare aptly describes it.

“ Friendship is constant in all other things
Save in the office or affairs of Love ;
Therefore all hearts in love use your own tongues ;—
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent.”

The day after this conversation was the day fixed for their engagement to Madame de Vertignü. Marie had told Lady de Clifford, she had particularly named them to her cousin La Comtesse de Mornay, and had requested, as they were strangers to the party, that she would shew them every attention. Accordingly, on entering Madame de Vertignü's drawing-room, they were immediately presented to her ; and,

as Madame de Vertignüy was much engaged in receiving her company, it was very agreeable having some one with whom they could converse, and likewise a subject of conversation in her relations the Roche Guyons.

The Comte and Comtesse Corbinelli, the Chevalier de Méry, and a very handsome Dutch officer, a General Lagel, were successively introduced to the English strangers, with a few others, unnecessary to name; but all appeared to wish to make themselves pleasing to Lady de Clifford, her son and daughter.

The Comtesse Corbinelli, a piquante Italian brunette, with most prepossessing manners, immediately entered into conversation with Rosa, and informed her they were on their road to Spa, for the Comte's health; but, as it was considered early in the season, they had, at the desire of some friends at Brussels, decided to remain there a short time. The Chevalier de Méry appeared to be a lively gay talking Frenchman, of the age of forty, and was, or pretended to be, the *dévoué* of La jolie Comtesse.

But, however the Comte her husband might allow, from habit and fashion, a cicisbeo in his own country, he did not appear to approve of it when a well-looking Frenchman chose to adopt the character, and his watchful eye shewed his disapprobation of his attentions. The Comtesse's unaffected open manner to her admirer set all scandal at defiance, and she appeared to receive his attentions as a thing of course, and not particularly addressed to herself.

On dinner being announced, Madame de Vertignüü desired General Lagel to lead Lady de Clifford, as the stranger of rank, (although there were many of higher native rank than her in the room,) into the dining-parlour; and Rosa, who was seated next to the Chevalier de Méry and the General, found them both particularly agreeable. The former talked of Mademoiselle de St. Quentin, and spoke of her in the highest terms.

“ On ne peut pas être plus aimable qu'elle,” continued he; “ mais elle a la manie d'être coquette, et cela ne se pardonne pas dans une

personne remplie de talens, aimable, spirituelle, comme Mademoiselle de St. Quentin. La coquetterie n'est permise qu'à celle qui manque d'esprit, et qui a recours à un défaut, afin de cacher d'autres. Mais, enfin, nonobstant cet erreur, que peut-être a été soigné et non corrigé par l'éducation qu'elle a reçue, il faut avouer que c'est une personne charmante, et qu'elle nous tourne la tête."

"But do you," said Rosa, "as a native of France, and her countryman, find fault with her being a coquette?"

"Do *you* mean by that question, Mademoiselle, to infer it is peculiar to our country? Forgive me, if I say, that, at Paris at least, for *I* can speak from personal experience there, that your countrywomen could give mine lessons on that subject; for, in some instances, I have seen Englishwomen mistresses of the art of coquetterie where Frenchwomen were scholars compared to them."

"I fear, from what I have heard, your remark is too true. But I must defend my

countrywomen at home, although I fear I cannot do it abroad."

The Dutch officer, who had been listening to the conversation, here interposed, and said, " You should retaliate upon him, Mademoiselle, the remark he has been indiscreet enough to make, and tell him it is in *his* country Englishwomen have learnt la coquetterie, and, as is sometimes the case, the scholar has, perhaps, outdone the master. Believe me," continued he, smiling, " there would be few coquettes if we men did not make them so by our foolish conduct and conversation. In regard to my own countrywomen, I can venture to say, I scarcely know one woman who professes to be that odious character. Thus, my dear de Méry, I think I have proved it is to you Frenchmen we are indebted for the character you abuse."

" I will not allow it," replied the Chevalier, " unless you acknowledge, which, from your observation I am led to suspect is the case, que dans votre pays les hommes sont sans galanterie, comme les femmes sont sans coquetterie."

“ Upon my word,” exclaimed the General, “ you have retaliated upon me, and I must own very fairly. And, had I not a wife and daughter, I might perhaps be tempted to try and save my own character at the expense of my countrywomen. As it is, I must, I suppose, admit your inference to be a just one. But if I were a few years younger, and had the temptation, such as I now see before me,” bowing to Rosa, “ you would not long be allowed to characterise our nation as wanting gallantry.”

In this agreeable light style of conversation the dinner and early part of the evening passed away. Hugh, who had been seated next the pretty Comtesse Corbinelli, was as much pleased with the party as his mother and sister. They all separated early; some to the theatre, and others to the different soirées they were engaged to. On taking leave of Lady de Clifford, the Comtesses Mornay and Corbinelli requested to be allowed to waive all ceremony, and that Lady de Clifford would permit them to call on her the following morning.

This they accordingly did, the former in company with Marie, who informed Rosa she had the day before received her invitation to the English ambassador's, and that she hoped to meet her there that evening.

Lady de Clifford had previously determined to go, as Lord de Clifford's letters continued to speak of Lord Trelawney as being in the same wretched state of mind and body, and consequently likely to linger on for some weeks. Rosa felt almost as nervous at making her first débüt at Brussels as she had been at Paris, and when they drove under the porte cochère, she almost wished her mother had kept her first intention of not accepting the invitation.

As it was understood to be the last party that the ambassador and ambassadress intended giving that year, all the English and native families at that time at Bruxelles made a point of attending it. The first and second drawing-rooms were almost filled when Lady de Clifford was announced, and here, even more than at Paris, all eyes were immediately turned towards

the English strangers. The attachés were anxiously questioned as to who they were ; and this was not surprising, as the beauty and elegance of the groupe could not fail to attract the notice of all who saw them.

Few young men equalled de Clifford in height and manly beauty. With good though perhaps not fine features, yet possessing his mother's dark eye, his countenance was animated and prepossessing. Rosa and her mother had each an arm of de Clifford on entering the room. Both were lovely in their different style of beauty ; for, though Rosa was *like* Lady de Clifford, she did not possess the height and dignified look of her mother, which gave to her whole personal appearance a very different expression.

The Comtesse de Mornay and her cousin joined them on their entrance into the dancing-room. Marie was immediately engaged by de Clifford, who first introduced to his sister as a partner the Honourable Mr. Egerton, an attaché to the English Embassy. Rosa, whose beauty,

rank, and fashion secured her constant partners, soon discovered that she could spend a pleasant evening at a ball without Monteith;—and though, when compared to those passed at Paris, it might appear insipid, yet few young women consider an evening dull where they have reigned the *belle*.

Late in the evening, as Marie and Rosa were conversing together, they were joined by General Lagel, who, on coming up, addressed Mademoiselle de St. Quentin as an old acquaintance, and reproached her for her idleness in not dancing.

“ Comment ! une de nos premières valseuses, et vous ne valsez pas ! ”

“ Il est vrai que je ne me soucie pas de la danse ce soir. It is not attractive enough for me to wish to join in it. For here, I acknowledge, the waltzing gives me more the idea of romping. You must own, I think, that at Paris we understand it better, and that few can compete with us, in the elegance of our style of waltzing.

“ I fear,” answered the General, “ I should compromise my judgment, if I did not agree with you. But I must say a good word for my young friends here. With you it is done systematically, and becomes an art. Here, grace is forgotten in the pleasure of the amusement.”

“ I am not surprized, I own,” said Marie, “ on seeing the style of waltzing at Bruxelles, that so many English mothers do not allow their daughters to join in that animated dance.”

“ I suspect,” replied General Lagel, “ as your friend has not partaken of the amusement this evening, that such is likewise the opinion of Lady de Clifford.”

“ It is decidedly too animating a dance for me,” answered Rosa laughing ; “ my giddy head would be turned in that perpetual whirl.”

“ Giddiness does not, however, appear to be the characteristic expression of your countenance. I am inclined, therefore, to doubt your assertion.”

“ Take care,” said Rosa, “ you do not forget the good character you gave yourself and your

nation yesterday, at Madame Vertignüy's dinner."

"I do not forget," said the handsome General, "that I disclaimed '*la galanterie française*' in the sense in which it was named. But can you be surprized that our national character is endangered, when your island gives us every year such lovely specimens of the beauty of Englishwomen?"

"Rosa," interrupted Marie, "I must forewarn you—my good friend here is the greatest possible flirt parmi les Angloises—Je le connais bien ce Monsieur le Général—mefiez vous de lui."

"Est il possible," said General Lagel, "qu'une amie puisse me trahir ainsi! Et quel caractère vous me donnez! Moi! à mon âge, un père de famille. Fi donc, Mademoiselle, c'est inouïe!"

While the General was speaking, Rosa remarked a plain-looking young man standing near them, and soon saw him go up to General Lagel, and evidently desire him to introduce him to her, which he appeared at first very unwilling to do. At length, with a half shrug of

the shoulder, he turned to our heroine, and requested permission to present a Belgian nobleman, the Vicomte de Rimberghe. Rosa unwillingly consented, as he was too near to allow of her declining the introduction. His diminutive person and disagreeable cast of features gave him a most unprepossessing appearance, and she was still less inclined to be pleased with her new acquaintance, from overhearing Marie say to the General, in a half whisper, "My friend will not be obliged to you for introducing such a specimen of the Belgian noblesse."

"Could I have selected in this country any thing better from that class?"—he replied, with a contemptuous shrug.

"Oh! *I forgot you* are a Dutchman, and *you*," she continued, "also forget that you are now of one country."

"I hope never to forget," he replied, "drawing himself up to his full tall and commanding height, "that we are two separate and distinct countries. Religion, language, habits, and opinions, must and will ever separate us."

Rosa had imperfectly heard the latter part of this conversation, while listening to the stupid string of questions the Vicomte Rimberghe was asking her. Having first secured her hand for the next quadrille, “ Etiez vous au spectacle dimanche, Mademoiselle,” he enquired, (the general question asked in that country;) “ il y avoit une nouvelle débutante tres jolie, á ce qu’on dit.”

“ I was not there,” answered Rosa, “ as we never attend public places on a Sunday.”

“ Ah ! voilà ce que disent toutes les Angloises, Mademoiselle, quand elles arrivent dans ce pays-ci; mais cette manie se passe bien vîte, et elles font comme les autres. Après tout, quel mal y a-t-il de s’amuser le dimanche ?”

Rosa, though she was well aware of the impropriety of making Sunday a day of festivity and amusement, was too young to *know* exactly how to answer a question, which she considered so impertinent, when made by a person she was so slightly acquainted with. But General Lagel, seeing her embarrassment, good-naturedly

interposed, and on the question being repeated of, “ *Quel mal y a-t-il ?* ” said, “ *Esperons, Monsieur le Vicomte, qu’il n’y en a pas ; sinon, vous et moi, Catholique et Calviniste, iront au diable.* ”

“ *Speak for yourself as Calvinist, General,* ” replied Marie, laughing,—“ *for I, as Catholic, do not intend to join you in such bad company.* ”

“ *Then I hope you will find for us heretics,* ” pointing to Rosa and himself, “ *a snug little corner in your upper regions.* ”

Marie shook her head, and replied,—“ *you are too presumptuous.* ”

“ *If, in your opinion, presumption is so great a sin, pray what will be the punishment for those who are as uncharitable as yourself ?* ”

Rosa did not hear the answer of Marie, as, most unwillingly, she was at that moment obliged by her disagreeable partner to join the dancers. She was again engaged, shortly after, by Mr. Egerton, who appeared much struck by her beauty and manners. But, though pleasing

and gentlemanlike, he was such a contrast to Monteith, that Rosa felt annoyed by his attentions, and, notwithstanding the evening had been an agreeable one, she by no means regretted her brother's information that the carriage was ready, and her mother waiting for her.

Mademoiselle de St. Quentin was not, however, of Rosa's opinion in regard to the agreeableness of the evening; and, on taking leave of Rosa, she declared it had been most stupid, and that had it not been for her brother, she should have died of ennui. Thus, how differently do balls strike young people! Ask three or four of them, their opinion of one to which they have all been invited, scarcely two or any will agree; one, who has been admired, or perhaps has danced twice with THE person preferred to all others, will tell you it was delightful, charming. Another, disappointed in seeing him she wished to please, has danced, has been admired, but, alas!

What's this dull *ball* to me,
Robin's not there!—

and of course the evening has been detestable. Ask a third, without beauty, without lovers, and, what is worse at a ball, without partners,—*she* has returned home, only to grumble, and to be discontented with herself and with the world. This is too often the termination of an evening when the talents of mantua-makers, milliners, and hair-dressers, have been put in requisition to improve our good looks, (and in some cases to spoil them,) in the hope of securing that admiration, which a discerning world does not always deem us worthy of, however our own vanity may lead us to think otherwise.

CHAPTER IV.

Maids, in modesty, say no, to that
Which they would have the profferer construe aye.
Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!

Shakspeare.

UNWILLING to interrupt the thread of my story, I have purposely omitted mentioning the steps taken by de Clifford during the period they were at Bruxelles, relative to what he had so much at heart, the ascertaining Lady Ellis's residence. He had called repeatedly at the bankers, but Mr. Henessey was still absent, detained by business; one letter naming a day for his departure from Frankfort, and the succeeding post bringing another, lamenting the necessity of delaying it.

This uncertainty had prevented de Clifford

writing to him on the subject, as he preferred making the inquiries personally, rather than through the medium of a letter. But, finding his return so uncertain, de Clifford one morning mentioned to Lady de Clifford the necessity of coming to some decision, and they agreed that, if Mr. Henessey was not likely to return, he should be written to, and that they should depart for Spa, and there await his answer ; as, if necessary, Hugh could come from thence to Bruxelles.

“ I have not,” remarked de Clifford, “ received any information from Monteith, in regard to the Mrs. Ellice, whom, if you recollect, I named to you, as being connected with Mr. Rowley’s story. Do you not, my dear Madam, agree with me in thinking there were circumstances attending the history of that person, that strangely coincided with Lady Ellis’s ?”

“ There certainly were. But why, if determined to settle in England, should she be at the trouble and expense of drawing all her fortune out of the country she intended to reside in ?”

“ But do you not think it might be done from the wish of misleading her family ?”

“ In that case would she have retained the name, though spelt differently ?”

“ Perhaps not ; but, still, how often when you expect deceit, and seek for it, are you not led astray when you meet with truth and honesty ! So it is with Lady Ellis. I certainly, under that name, should not have sought for her in England, when every circumstance has tended to prove, on inquiry, that concealment was her aim. I own I cannot help clinging to the idea, and even encouraging the hope, that we shall discover in Mrs. Ellice and her daughter those we are seeking for ; and that idea has certainly lightened my mind of a heavy weight of anxiety in regard to the latter.”

“ I hope it may be as you wish, dear Hugh, but I fear I am not so sanguine. At any rate, I really think we had better not remain here any longer, but leave this hot town as soon as possible, and enjoy the fine weather at

Spa. This morning, however, you promised to take us to the Musée, to see the pictures ; from thence I will take you to Danoot's, and his answer shall decide our departure."

"This was agreed to. The carriage was ordered, and they set off to the Museum. On driving up to the door, they remarked a handsome plain English chariot in waiting, with a baronet's coronet on the door-panel, and the letter E under it. The coachman and horses were evidently hired for the day, and the servant was a laquais de place. De Clifford's curiosity was raised, and, wishing to know whose carriage it was, he asked the question of the laquais de place, who was standing at the door.

"C'est un Miladi, Monsieur, mais je ne sais pas son nom."

"Is the family at an hotel?" enquired de Clifford.

"Oui, Monsieur, à l'Hôtel de Bellevue."

Hugh was satisfied, as, notwithstanding Mi-

ladi's name was not known by her servant, le livre des Etrangers would, he knew, on his return to the hotel, give him the desired information.

After looking at the pictures in the first room, they proceeded to the second, in which were two ladies. The younger one, whose back was towards them, was seated on a chair, intently examining a beautiful snow-piece, one of the few good pictures that ornament the Musée at Bruxelles. The elderly lady was standing by her, and apparently occupied in looking at the same picture, but not with the close attention of her companion ; for, on hearing the de Clifford party enter the room, she immediately turned round, and continued examining them for some time with a curious haughty look. Rosa immediately recollected the harsh stern features of the lady, who, with her sick and melancholy daughter, was seated near them in the Tuileries. Rosa went up to her brother, who was looking at the picture of a Madona, and said to him,

“ Now, my dear Hugh, you must come and

look at my English beauty of the Tuileries. Here she is again on the other side of the room."

"Thank you, dear Rosa," replied her brother. "I have no inclination to leave this lovely countenance, where art is made to speak, for dull cold nature which looks as if the sculptor's hand had chiselled it."

"*You* are incorrigible," replied Rosa, "but *I* shall certainly manage to take another look at her."—And gliding near the side where she was seated, she appeared to be occupied with examining the same subject.

The young lady, looking up, immediately pushed her chair further back, to allow Rosa to come nearer. The same beautiful countenance struck her now, as it did at Paris, and with apparently a slight improvement in health. The bloodless cheeks, which were then almost transparent, now showed in a slight degree the blood that circulated through them. Rosa, in English, begged her not to move. She smiled, and remarked, that she had been looking at the

picture so long she had no right to monopolize it. As Rosa moved forward, she saw her leave her chair, and the elderly lady joining her, they both left the room by the door the de Cliffords had previously entered at.

After viewing the very indifferent collection, they returned to the carriage, which was ordered to convey them to Danoot the banker's.

"I really," said Rosa, "have no patience with Hugh.—He who admires beauty so much, that he should not be willing to allow any to the young lady who was at the Musée!"

"Pardon me, Rosa, I admire the features many might consider them faultless. But, inanimate as she is, I never could look at her a second time."

"Well," replied Rosa, "there was no love lost between you; for she never looked at you, or even turned her head towards you."

"I flatter myself," retorted Hugh, pulling up his cravat in a conceited manner, "*that was her loss, not mine.* But how do you know, Miss de Clifford, that the young lady, though she re-

fused me a full stare, did not give me a side-long glance, as you young ladies are apt to do, now and then ?—Often,” continued he, laughing, “ have I seen and watched some of your sex, who, pretending not to court our notice, have appeared occupied with their book, work, or fan ; when, in the mean time, I have caught the side glance, made doubly irresistible from the beautiful long eye-lashes under which it has been given.”

“ Pray, Hugh,” interrupted Lady de Clifford, “ are you giving lessons to your sister in coquetterie ?”

“ No, my dear madam, for I really begin to think there is no woman who requires *to be taught*. It is natural to them ; and if Pope says

“ Every woman is at heart a rake,”—

I am inclined to add that every woman is at heart a coquette ; and I am afraid, if Rosa does not appear to be one now, she has the germs of

it in her, and I doubt not there is fine rich ground for it to sprout and grow in ; there will be no rocky or sandy soil to stop its growth in *that* quarter."

Rosa, at this speech, spoken in de Clifford's good-natured tone of voice, gave him a *coup de baguette* with the end of her parasol, and the carriage stopping at Danoot's house ended the little controversy between them.

In ten minutes Hugh returned, and informed his mother that, Mr. Henessey having again delayed his return to Bruxelles, he had decided to send a letter to him at Frankfort, the answer to which was to be forwarded to him. It was, therefore, finally agreed that they were to prepare for their departure, and, if possible, in three days set out for Spa.

The next morning, very early, Rosa heard the cracking of postboys' whips, which announced an arrival, or more probably a departure ; she jumped out of bed and ran to the window, when she saw the same green chariot they had seen the day before at the Musée, heavily packed,

and with four post-horses, leaving the hotel. On going down to breakfast, she mentioned it, and begged her brother to send for the *Livre des Etrangers*, to know who the ladies were. The book was accordingly sent for, and the waiter pointing to the name, they read, “ *The Lady Elphinstone et sa famille, de Paris, à Cologne et Mayence.*”

Rosa was glad to have ascertained the young lady's name, whose personal appearance was so striking, and still hoped, that, as chance had already brought them together twice, they might meet again while on the continent.

As their stay at Bruxelles was now to be so short, Rosa, who had purchases to make, had begged Marie to call for her that morning in her mother's carriage, as she was anxious to consult Mademoiselle de St. Quentin's taste. After they had executed their commissions, the young people agreed to stop at a pastry-cook's shop, opposite the Hôtel d'Angleterre. They had been there only a few minutes, when they were both agreeably surprised by seeing Lord Elms-

worth and Monteith walk up to the door of their calèche. Lord Elmsworth was first, and, holding out his hand to Rosa, he greeted her with the most animated pleasure. She did the same, and perhaps expressed her feelings stronger to him, from a kind of reserve that came over her towards Monteith, as she was aware the quick and observant eye of Marie was upon her.

The difference of her reception evidently appeared to strike Monteith, who, in the *coldest* manner, made his enquiries about Lady de Clifford's health, and appeared to wish, by so doing, to make *her* feel how much he was hurt by her manner of receiving him.

Rosa was aware, cruelly aware, of it. But nothing could now be done or said to undeceive him, for Elmsworth appeared as much gratified as the other was mortified by the welcome given, and the satisfaction she had betrayed on seeing him.

The usual enquiries were mutually made, of when they came, how long they staid, and how

soon the de Clifford's left Bruxelles? Rosa learnt, in answer to her enquiries, that they had only arrived the preceding day, and were then on their way to the Bellevûe to call on them. They had left Paris with a young Englishman, an acquaintance of Monteith's, who was going to join his father at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, and they had agreed to travel together, and were at the same hotel. They had likewise determined to accompany them on a tour through Holland, from whence they intended to proceed to Spa, and, as the season was advancing, they purposed to depart on the following day.

On taking their leave, Monteith mentioned to Rosa his wish to see her brother before his departure, and requested her to tell him he had procured the direction he wished, and that he should call the following morning early, in case he did not see him that day.

As the carriage drove home, Rosa was silent; her feelings were not of the most pleasant kind. Marie at last broke the silence by saying, "How

delighted I am we shall meet them at Spa ! They will be such an acquisition to our party ! I look forward, dear Rosa, to such a happy summer ! With your family, the Corbinelli's, and one or two others that I know will be there, I expect the next two months will be the happiest of my life. Mais tu es triste, mon amie, qu'as tu ?" for when much pleased with Rosa she always *tutoyed* her friend.

Poor Rosa, whose spirits were certainly at that moment depressed, answered, " I do not know that I am triste ; but certainly I am not as gay, nor have the same expectations that you have. But perhaps I may find it different from what I expect ; for I have often heard my mother say, that what we look forward to with pleasure or regret, generally turns out contrary to our hopes and fears."

" In that case I am to expect sorrow instead of pleasure. But I will not be infected by your English blue devils. Sous le beau ciel de la France, je ne les connoissois pas ; ainsi, va-t'en, Messieurs !" and she laughingly appeared as if

she was blowing them away through her fingers. "Je ne veux pas de votre société"—and, giving Rosa a tap on the shoulder, she bid her do the same, and send her blue devils from whence they came, back to her own country, where the foggy climate allowed them to play their pranks with impunity.

Marie set her friend down at the Bellevue, and promised she would pass the next evening with them, as it was the last they were to spend at Brussels. Rosa immediately retired to her room, provoked with herself and with everybody else. She was aware that Monteith occasionally fancied she preferred his friend, and diffident of himself, and *how much* there was in him to attract and please, particularly a girl of Rosa's age, he always appeared to think that Lord Elmsworth's title and large fortune must, if put in the balance with him, who had none of these advantages, completely outweigh every recommendation mental and personal that he might possess. She did not see her mother until they met at dinner, when she gave her brother

Monteith's message, and mentioned her meeting him and Lord Elmsworth in the morning. But de Clifford had seen them, and told his mother, that he had asked them to call in, in the evening, as he found they made so short a stay.

Accordingly, at nine o'clock, when Rosa, (who had been anxiously expecting them in the hope that an opportunity might occur to explain her conduct in the morning,) had almost given up the hope of seeing them, they were announced.

Monteith still preserved his grave manner towards Rosa, who, soon after his arrival, seated herself at the tea-table, and occupied herself by making tea, determined she would not make the first effort to speak. Lady de Clifford, who was seated near the open window enjoying the cool breezes of the evening, which, after a hot day, are delightful to those who reside in the vicinity of the Park, and in some degree compensate for the extreme heat of the morning, sent Monteith, who had been standing talking by her, to ask a

question of Rosa. He then took a chair and seated himself near her. At that moment, the servant entering the room was followed by Snap, who, as usual, on recognising Monteith, ran up to him and jumped on his lap.

“Your friend, Snap,” remarked Rosa, “has not forgotten you, Mr. Monteith.”

“No,” he replied, “his memory, I regret to say, is better than his mistress’s.”

“I really must ask in what way?”

“He, at least, does not forget his former friends,” replied Monteith.

“I am not aware I have given my friends any reason to think I forget them.”

“I fear then, Miss de Clifford, I must add shortness of memory, also, to my accusation. Do you forget your reception of me this morning?”

“Indeed, Mr. Monteith, it was your own fault. I see you look surprised. But I did feel real and sincere pleasure at meeting Lord Elmsworth and yourself this morning. The

former happened to be the first to approach the carriage; and I naturally expressed to him the pleasure I felt. The same would have been said to you, but your cold manner, indeed I might add, forbidding one, made me feel I had expressed too much to Lord Elmsworth. The consequence was, that I was silent to you; though I am sure I felt equally pleased at seeing you both."

"I cannot say I am much obliged to you," answered Monteith, in a piqued tone of voice, "for the favour you wished to have shewn me; it would have been far more pleasing if it had been shewn to me, independent of any other person. It was, however, impossible for me to avoid remarking the undisguised pleasure you felt and expressed at seeing Lord Elmsworth, while you seemed perfectly indifferent to my feelings on the subject."

"I am sorry," said Rosa, in a manner which shewed she was much displeased, "that I have condescended to apologize to Mr. Monteith for what really was scarcely worth naming; more

particularly, as even with my apology he chuses to be dissatisfied."

A silence of a few minutes followed this rather spirited speech for the gentle Rosa to make. Mr. Monteith at length resumed the conversation, and said—

"Will Miss de Clifford allow me to say that I feel I have been wrong? The fact is, the kindness Lady de Clifford and your family shewed me while at Paris made me expect too much, and has spoiled me; and now, like all indulged children, I have grown peevish and irritable. Will you, therefore, forgive me, on the promise of not offending again."

"You have at least taught me, Mr. Monteith, a lesson I shall not forget; first, that you will not bear spoiling, and, secondly, that I must not express the pleasure I may experience at seeing an old acquaintance."

"Excuse me, Miss de Clifford," said he, a meaning smile passing over his fine countenance, "it was not the expressions of pleasure I found fault with, but the person they were addressed to."

Had I been the favoured mortal, I should not, perhaps, have been so severe and hasty in my judgment of your conduct."

"What are you quarrelling about?" said de Clifford, coming up to the tea-table; "and how long are we to be without our tea? Pray, settle your disputes, whatever they may be, after Rosa has done her duty at this table."

"As I have been the cause, pray let me in some degree repair the neglect of our fair tea-maker, and help her in her duties;" and Montieth, after offering his assistance, again resumed his seat by Rosa, who appeared to have forgotten her displeasure.

He was beginning one of those animated conversations, that, united with the information his conversation generally conveyed, made him (if he condescended to exert his powers) a most delightful companion, when Lord Elmsworth, appearing not to like their tête-a-tête, joined them. Rosa was almost angry at the interruption; like Montieth, she felt happy at the little quarrel they had had being made up, and each

party seemed for a moment to forget there were others in the room besides themselves, until the ill-timed interruption of Lord Elmsworth. But his good-humour soon chased away the angry feelings of both, for his good-nature was inexhaustible.

“ I trust,” said he to Rosa, “ you are preparing for much gaiety at Spa. I hope we shall be as gay as riding, walking, and dancing can make us. I suspect you and Mademoiselle de St. Quentin had been shopping this morning when we met you, and had been making purchases preparatory to your appearance there; hoping no doubt that dress would improve your good looks. With *her* it might, perhaps, be necessary; but for *you* I am sure it is not. I hear of several agreeable families who purpose going there, among others, the Fairfax’s. I met young Fairfax at Paris the other day; he was going to join his sister and aunt at Frankfort, from whence they make the tour of the Rhine, and proceed to Spa, where his father joins them. Do you know the family, Miss de Clifford?”

“I do not, but my father and mother have long been acquainted with Lord Glanmore. He served in the same regiment with my father, in America. Are the son and daughter as handsome as by all accounts their father was?”

“Yes ; I am told the daughter is lovely, but in bad health. The brothers are fine young men, but nothing more. They will, however, be a great addition to the Spa party. If he comes we will pass him over, as a beau, to Miss St. Leger, when she arrives ; he admired her much at Paris.”

“By all accounts you had better pass yourself, for I have heard strange reports of a flirtation in that quarter.” This was said by Monteith, and Rosa’s eye caught him narrowly watching her countenance while he was making the remark. Though indifferent to Lord Elmsworth, as my readers are well aware, this strict scrutiny of her countenance made her feel to look guilty, and she blushed deeply, but, quickly recovering herself, she said—

“As that is the case, I hope the young ladies

will make a point of rejecting Lord Elmsworth's attentions, and that no one will take the discarded beau of Miss St. Leger."

"Rather say," quickly rejoined his Lordship, "that Miss St. Leger had the neglected beau of Miss de Clifford." Rosa felt distressed at a speech which conveyed a great deal more from the manner in which it was said than the words. Monteith began playing with Snap, evidently trying, by making a noise, to get the better of *his* unpleasant feelings.

"Good people, you are very noisy there," said Lady de Clifford. "I really must call you to order, and send away Snap as the most noisy of your party." But Rosa begged a reprieve for her favourite, which was granted on Monteith declaring he was the principal cause of the disturbance. They then joined Lady de Clifford at the window, when the conversation became general, and the party soon broke up, by the gentlemen taking their leave.

CHAPTER V.

See the rivers, how they run
Thro' woods and meads, in shade and sun.
Sometimes swift and sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave they go,
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life to endless sleep !
Thus is nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wandering thought ;
Thus she dresses green and gay
To disperse our cares away.

Dyer.

FAR different were our heroine's feelings when preparing to leave Bruxelles from what they were on quitting Paris. She then was doubtful if she should ever see Monteith again. Now, she was going where she was certain of meeting him daily. A slight feeling of jealousy came across her, when she recollected that he would also be within the circle of Mademoiselle de St.

Quentin's attractions ; and if she, her brother, and even her mother, felt them to be irresistible, could Monteith long withstand them, when united to fortune, and a preference decidedly shewn for him ?

But Rosa was not sufficiently acquainted with Monteith to be aware of his strong and decided principles on religious subjects. His mother, a staunch presbyterian of the old school, had educated her son with some of her feelings towards Popery ;—and though a military life, and a residence in those countries where that religion was professed, had in a great degree softened down the unjust and erroneous opinions, as I must call them, formed in early life, yet they were not obliterated ; and nothing would have tempted Monteith to marry a woman of the Roman Catholic persuasion. Thus, independent of her being a foreigner, (another great objection to him,) Mademoiselle de St. Quentin's society would have been avoided by Monteith the moment he had felt the slightest preference for her.

The arrangements were all made for the departure of the de Clifford family the next day ; and Marie, at an early hour, arrived to pass the last evening with them, making an apology for her mother, whom Lady de Clifford accidentally meeting in the morning, had thought it necessary to invite with her daughter. But, while at Bruxelles, they had seen nothing of La Comtesse de la Roche Guyon, who went no where, excusing herself on the plea of bad health, and except one or two formal morning visits, which never had exceeded leaving a card, she had only been visible to Hugh, who was generally admitted to her when he called on the family ; though, in fact, his visits were to her daughter.

Mademoiselle de St. Quentin was more amiable than usual this evening ; her spirits seemed depressed at parting with her English friends, although they were soon to meet again, and it gave such a charm to her conversation and manner, that Lady de Clifford could not help feeling an increasing interest in a young

woman, whom nature had made so pleasing, and education had in some points perverted.

At last the time arrived when they were to separate, as Le Comte de la Roche Guyon himself called for his daughter, on his return from the theatre. Marie was kindly embraced by Lady de Clifford. Warmly and affectionately in her turn did she embrace Rosa. De Clifford then took her hand, and pressing it, said—

“ La belle Marie must not forget her English friends during this short separation. I am sure there is no fear of their forgetting her. Indeed,” continued he, smiling, “ I only wonder *how* mine has escaped in this general surrender of hearts amongst you. How comes it, that only lukewarm friendship exists between us ?”

“ Mon ami,” replied Marie, with an equivocal smile, “ vous rappelez vous que la citadelle de votre cœur fût prise, quand nous fîmes connoissance.”

“ And yours, fair Marie ?” retorted Hugh.

“ Ah ! pour le mien, une demoiselle ne re-

ponds pas à des questions indiscrets et mal-à-propos. Mais, il est possible que mon cœur, comme le vôtre, étoit aussi prêt à se rendre," she added, smiling. And, after she had once more bidden adieu to her friends, Hugh took her arm and handed her into the carriage.

On a delightful day, in the middle of July, the de Cliffords quitted the sultry town of Bruxelles and its environs, and soon entered the shady line of road that leads through the forest of Soignies to the plains of Waterloo. There they devoted an hour to view the field of battle, where so many have to regret the loss of fathers, sons, and brothers.

The country is so beautiful between Namur and Liege, and from thence to Spa, that I cannot help particularizing it. I trust my readers will allow me, in this instance, (and I promise it shall be a solitary one,) to deviate from the plan I originally laid down, and I feel assured that even those who are acquainted with the country, will not object to seeing it described.

The de Cliffords slept at Namur; and, on leaving that town early the next morning, they found the road they were to travel ran by the side of the river the chief part of the way to Liege. Some author, I forget who, calls it the Sluggish Meuse, and so it certainly is during the summer months, when it diminishes to a small stream, which often allows carts, &c. to ford it. But at the other seasons of the year no one would recognize it under the above-mentioned name; and, with the high cliffs, that occasionally rise almost perpendicular over your head, and its turreted castles, and here and there a vineyard, where the vine already begins to put forth its delicate tendrils and fibres, you might at times almost believe it a minor Rhine.

But how different its fate to that of its rival river, the Rhine. The Meuse, at times seemingly an unimportant stream, increasing as it flows toward its parent ocean, becomes the source of prosperity, riches, beauty, and health to the land it enriches and fertilizes,—to Holland.

Rotterdam and its surrounding country owe every thing to this beautiful river. The magnificent Rhine, on the other hand, which is joined by a hundred tributary streams, rushes with irresistible force over rocks and every thing that intercepts its passage, but as soon as it parts from its more steady rival, it imperceptibly declines in every way, and faintly attempting to defend the walls of Utrecht, it quietly divides itself into various small channels, and is lost and forgotten in the sands of Holland.

In tracing the course and fate of these two rivers, I have often, in my mind's eye, compared them to the rise and fall of kingdoms ;—the mighty Rhine to Rome in all its grandeur, and in its subsequent fall to rise no more ;—the Meuse to the vanquished Gauls and Saxons, who have risen to wealth and dominion, while their rival neighbour has almost sunk into oblivion : the general fate of nations, and too often exemplified in families, as well as in kingdoms.

On arriving at Liege, Lady de Clifford found it

so early that she proposed proceeding to Chaude Fontaine, a small watering-place, famous for its hot-baths, two miles from Liege. This was agreed to immediately by Hugh, to whom La Comtesse Corbinelli had strongly recommended their passing a day or two there.

The situation is pretty, and the baths are delightful, but Lady de Clifford found the hotel so uncomfortable and wretched, and Hugh was so discontented with the indifferent fare, that they passed only one night there, and proceeded to Spa.

Here again I must call my reader's attention to the beautiful scenery that presents itself to the eye of the traveller; which (and the new road lately made shews it to the greatest advantage) is most striking and romantic, from the height of the hills, which are in some places steep and rugged, with their sides clothed with copse-wood and trees, and the most luxuriant herbage towards their bases, whilst now and then a clear rippling stream is seen to force its way from the side of the hill, and to fall into

the river, that intersects and winds through the whole of the valley that leads to Spa. The river occasionally forms romantic cascades, which, seen at a distance, are most picturesque, as the imagination then decks them with beauties, which, if too nearly approached, you find they do not possess in reality. The river is extremely clear and rapid in its course, and, like most of the mountain streams in that neighbourhood, has its progress constantly interrupted by large rocks and stones, which have fallen from the hills above, while on those hills are often seen huge pieces of rock, forcing themselves into notice, and peeping out from among the low copse-wood with which they are surrounded.

This scenery was so new, and so much more romantic than any Rosa had yet seen, that she was delighted. The hill and dale, green meadows and hop-grounds, of her native Kent, which she used to think so beautiful, how much did they lose by the comparison.

On passing Theux, a spot that must be well known to those who have visited the country I am describing, you come at once on the river which you have hitherto only partially seen, and occasionally passed, and which now winds by the side of the road the whole of the way, until you enter the town of Spa : this adds to the extreme beauty of the landscape, as you occasionally pass green fields sloping down to the river, or hills covered with thick wood, which overhang its banks. Few (if I am to judge of the feelings of others by my own) can pass this lovely scenery without being as enthusiastic as myself ; and I am certain those who have seen it will acknowledge that I have but indifferently done justice to it.

The high expectations which, from the beauty of the surrounding country, Rosa had formed of Spa, were cruelly disappointed on their first arrival. A collection of large red brick houses, intermingled with low, mean, ill-built ones of the same description, ill accorded with the fanciful ideas she had formed of the place

previous to seeing it. Her mother and brother were equally disappointed. The town was empty, which it generally is in the early part of the season, and struck them as being most gloomy. But as health was the object, they determined to be satisfied, trusting it would become more cheerful as the place filled ; and, after remaining two days at the hotel, Hugh succeeded in finding them comfortable apartments at the Hôtel de Soissons, close to the Pouhon.*

By degrees, they became better reconciled to Spa. Rosa, after some little difficulty, was allowed by her mother to ride with her brother, who had purchased at Bruxelles a couple of saddle-horses, and hired the groom of an Englishman, who, like many of his countrymen, had left his own country because he was in debt, and, after living far beyond his means at Bruxelles, for more than a year, had, to avoid a prison, fled to France. But, unwilling

* One of the spas so named.

to leave a servant, who had proved a faithful one, in a foreign country without money or friends, he had, previous to his escape from his creditors, made over to him his saddle-horses : from the sale of these he was to pay for their keep, which was due for many months, and retain the remainder of the sum for his wages and board. The servant was much attached to his master and to the dumb animals, of which he had had the care for more than two years. His grief was great when he found he was to be parted from them all ; and the good-natured master of the Hotel de Bellevûe, Proft, seeing his distress, strongly recommended him and his horses to de Clifford, who immediately purchased them, and hired the groom, to the great happiness of the lad. But neither of them being calculated for a lady, a steady poney of the country was hired for Rosa.

Every day they took long rides, to view the numerous beautiful and romantic spots that abound round Spa, and which can only be seen to advantage on horseback. A week had im-

perceptibly slipped away, and they had passed it so happily, that Rosa and her mother almost felt a regret on going one morning to drink the waters, to see two or three people, (evidently strangers newly arrived,) there before them.

One of these was a fine, tall, military-looking man, with an enormous pair of mustaches, and a due proportion of whiskers to correspond. He bowed, and civilly made way for Lady de Clifford and her daughter, on their approaching the well. On his departure, Rosa asked the woman who served the water if she knew the name of the stranger. She replied, "*Que c'étoit un grand Seigneur, un Prince Russe, mais qu'elle ne connoissoit pas son nom.*"

Anxious to see again this "grand Seigneur," Rosa begged her mother to try and meet him again in their walk. But Lady de Clifford would not indulge her daughter in her wish. Chance, however, befriended Rosa; for, on taking their third glass, with Hugh, who had joined them, the Russian came up almost immediately after. He again bowed, and made way for them, as

they came up the steps from the well. At Spa, with foreigners, this is almost considered the beginning of an acquaintance. I allude more particularly to gentlemen.

Lady de Clifford was not, therefore, surprised the next morning, at seeing Hugh walking with him, under the piazza that shelters the water-drinkers from the bad weather. On their return home to breakfast, they learnt his name from de Clifford, who informed them he was Le Prince Alexis Soblokow.

Hugh had met and conversed with his new acquaintance frequently, when, one afternoon, in the *Sept-heures*, (a promenade close to Spa, shaded by high trees,) he came up to him, and requested to be introduced to his family, with whom Hugh was then walking. He appeared agreeable, more, perhaps, from the information gained by travelling than from education. In the course of conversation he mentioned that he had come there, on his way from Paris to Petersburg, to meet a near relation of his who had married a German, and whom he had not

seen for some years, and he had agreed with his cousin, La Marquise de Schomberg, to a rendezvous at Spa. The de Cliffords discovered that he was likewise acquainted with the Chevalier de Méry, whom he had known in France. They thus very soon felt acquainted with Prince Alexis, who, though he had not much conversation, had evidently a desire to please, which made his society agreeable.

“ One of my horses is lame, Rosa,” said de Clifford to his sister one morning. “ We will, instead of riding, take a walk this fine day ; let us try and persuade your mother to accompany us.” When, however, Lady de Clifford heard that the object of the walk was to mount the hills, and visit the Temple, a favorite seat which overlooks the town, she begged to decline so fatiguing an excursion, but promised to meet them on their return.

Rosa and her brother set out, and with the happy elasticity of youth had soon overcome the difficulties attending the ascent of those steep hills. On finding they were likely to return too

soon for Lady de Clifford, Hugh proposed their resting for a quarter of an hour in the Temple, which they were now approaching. It was one of those dull warm days when all nature seems at rest. The stillness of the atmosphere was such that not a bird or a leaf moved, and the occasional sound which was heard from a distance, of a horse or carriage entering Spa, was the only thing that for many minutes reminded them *they* were not alone in the creation.

“What a lovely view!” ejaculated Rosa, after a short silence. “How dull and triste will Baynham Abbey appear after this wild and romantic spot!”

“So you think at present, dear Rosa; but there are so many local recollections attached to our home, that when we return to it, it is often endeared by contrasting it with what we have seen abroad. I felt like you when I quitted Italy. I then thought no country could ever please, no society amuse, after a residence in that bewitching country and delightful climate. There *were*, certainly, circumstances that at-

tached me particularly to it. But, however, here I am, notwithstanding, as gay and as happy as if I were in Italy."

"And, pray, what were those circumstances?" asked Rosa, in an inquiring coaxing manner.

"Circumstances, my dear girl, that I shall not gratify your curiosity by telling you; nor, indeed, would it be an advantage to you to know them."

"But, supposing I am already acquainted with them?"

"I feel assured you are not, as I am certain your mother would not have told you."

"That may be true," answered Rosa, looking slyly at her brother; "but, nevertheless, I most certainly *do* know them. Do they not refer to Lady Louisa Fitzhamond?"

De Clifford gave a start of surprise. The sound of the name, which came upon him unexpectedly, appeared to give him a painful sensation, and with a displeased look he immediately said—"And if not my mother, who has dared to give you any information on that subject?"

“Do not be angry, dear Hugh,” quickly replied his sister; “it really was accidental, and, before you find fault with any one, let me tell you how I came by the knowledge of it. Shortly before my mother’s illness, she had given me Miss Burney’s novel of *Evelina* to read, and, anxious to enjoy it without interruption, I went into the library, and seated myself by a window, in one of those deep recesses that almost prevent your being seen by any one. My mother, soon after I had fixed myself there, came into the room to take something she wanted from her Indian cabinet. Deeply engaged with my book, I did not speak to her. Shortly after, my father entered, with an open letter, and mentioning how unhappy the contents had made him, began reading aloud to her. At first, I really was annoyed at thus being an unknown listener to their conversation, but hardly knew how to extricate myself from the unpleasant situation in which I was placed. But shall I be honest, and own, that when I found it related to that dear brother I so affectionately loved and

remembered, my love for you got the better of my scruples, and I listened and heard a great deal about *that* wicked woman, which I agree with you my mother would never have told me."

"As you have heard so much, Rosa, and certainly not in the most honourable manner, I think it proper to set you right in many things, which I suspect were not told correctly to my father by the obliging friend who thus chose to interest himself in my affairs. And though your affectionate curiosity in regard to me tempted you to act the contemptible part of a listener, I must blame your conduct as most reprehensible. In the first place, let me inform you, that, whatever might have been Lady Louisa Fitzhamond's character and conduct previous to my acquaintance with her, she gave *me* no reason to allow you to call her 'that wicked woman.' And I must assert, that, as far as I am concerned, I have no right to think her the person you represent. I will (to exculpate her in some degree) tell you her story; as many of her errors

are to be attributed to the unhappy marriage she formed very early in life. She was the only daughter of an Irish Peer, who had, with the assistance of his son, run through a very fine property, and nothing remained but the fortune of his late wife, which being in trustees' hands he could not touch. With his daughter, (a beautiful girl of seventeen,) just entering life, he knew not what to do, when, unfortunately for her, she was seen and admired by Sir James Fitzhamond, a man of sixty, whose life had been passed in the enjoyment of every gratification a large fortune and still handsome person could give. This man, old enough to be her grandfather, proposed to her, and her family persuaded her to marry him. In a few months declining health sent him to the south of France, where he lingered more than two years. From being the disagreeable ill-tempered husband, he soon became the jealous tyrant, and, from what I have since heard, though I was not aware of it when I knew her at Florence, I fear she gave him but too much reason for the

jealous tyranny he exercised over her. We will, however, pass over that part of her story. She became a widow, and was left by this selfish man barely sufficient to support her as a gentlewoman. Unwilling to return to England, where she could no longer live in the style she had always been accustomed to, she became, in consequence, an exile from her own country. She visited Naples, Rome, and Florence. There I first became acquainted her. Rosa, I will not conceal from you that I became devotedly attached to her. Lovely and beautiful in her person, she added to the most attractive figure, a soul subduing mind. Enthusiastic in her affections, energetic in her feelings, she flattered my vanity by appearing to return the love I madly felt for her. I will likewise tell you that I had almost made up my mind to propose to her, trusting that when I was married my father would forgive me. It was at the period his letter reached me, with an account of your mother's dangerous illness. Fortunately, (I will now say,) Lady Louisa was gone for a fort-

night to the Baths of Lucca. I had only time to write her a few lines ere I left Florence. Those few lines certainly might have led her to suspect it was my intention to offer myself to her; but shortly after my arrival at Paris I altered my intentions."

"And wherefore, dear Hugh?" inquired Rosa. "Though I must feel happy at any thing that tempted you to change your mind, and prevented your doing what I know would have rendered my father and mother so miserable."

"To excuse my own conduct, and its apparent versatility, I will mention, that I accidentally learnt, at Paris, the conduct and character of Lady Louisa Fitzhamond during her husband's life, while residing in the south of France. However painful the effort, I at once decided to give up all thoughts of her, and I did not scruple to inform Lady Louisa in a letter, which I wrote to her from Paris, of what I had heard, and that, in consequence, all further intercourse must cease between us. I have now made you, my dear Rosa, my father confessor on this subject;

and if ever you are inclined to acknowledge to your mother the means by which you became acquainted with my Italian romance, I give you free leave to tell her likewise the *addenda* which I have related to you."

"As you have made me your father confessor," answered Rosa sportively, "and I may not find you soon again in this communicative humour, pray, confess, whether resigning Lady Louisa so easily did not originate from an increasing interest in our friend Marie?"

"How strange it is," replied de Clifford, "that you, Rosa, as well as my mother, *will* attribute my attentions to Marie as proceeding from love. I again repeat I admire her, and admire her extremely. But I do not approve of those young ladies as wives, whose hearts are like an unfurnished house with a board constantly exposed at the entrance, stating '*a tenant wanted.*' No, though I allow my heart is at present *tenantless*, the vacuum must be filled in another manner. And, indeed, though our friend Marie *appears* to have no decided attach-

ment, I have sometimes fancied that Love has played his pranks with *her*, as he has done with others. But come, we have exceeded our quarter of an hour by many minutes, and we had better be moving ; or perhaps I may take it into my head to bring *you* to confession, Rosa, as you have done me. You had better, therefore, agree to our joining our dear mother."

Rosa, who did not feel inclined to be put to the test, immediately rose, and taking her brother's arm, they descended the hill. When they were nearly at the bottom, they perceived Lady de Clifford at a distance, accompanied by a gentleman, whom, on approaching, they discovered to be the Chevalier de Méry. He was just arrived, and informed them the Corbinellis were to follow him the next day. But, to Rosa's great regret, she heard it was very doubtful whether the Roche Guyons would come. Madame la Comtesse declared herself better, and seemed determined not to leave Bruxelles. Marie was *au desespoir*, but still had hopes that, when her father returned, (who had been absent

a short time,) he would prevail on her mother to come.

From this time the town filled rapidly. The Corbinellis, St. Legers, la Marquise Schomberg, (who was introduced to the de Clifford's soon after her arrival,) with many other foreigners as well as English, were daily arriving. But as yet no intelligence was received of the Roche Guyons.

One evening, when Prince Alexis and the Chevalier were walking with Lady de Clifford and Rosa, in the Marceau, (the road or avenue that leads into Spa,) and the latter was regretting the probability of Mademoiselle de St. Quentin not coming, and the loss she would be to their society, Prince Alexis said, "Pray who is this Mademoiselle de St. Quentin I hear so much about? Elle doit être une charmante personne."

"Mais oui, mon Prince," replied the Chevalier, "elle est, assurément, une personne charmante; car c'est une grand héritière, et à la mort de ses parens, elle héritera de 60,000 livres de rente."

“ Mais quelle fortune !” exclaimed the prince, his small grey eyes turned up with surprise. De Méry continued. “ A Paris, on la nomme l'Héritière François, —car elle est, je crois, la seule. Vous autres Anglois,” addressing Lady de Clifford, “ sont si riches, que presque toutes vos demoiselles sont des héritières, plus ou moins grandes.”

“ Is Mademoiselle de St. Quentin handsome ?” inquired the prince. Rosa was going to reply, and give her opinion of her friend, when the chevalier, making her a sign not to do so, immediately answered—“ Non ! elle est assez laide, et, à la vérité, un peu bossue, mais celà ne fait rien quand on est riche.”

“ Pardon,” answered Prince Alexis, “ je ne suis pas de cet avis là. Il me faut de la beauté.”

“ But where there are talents ?” said Rosa.

“ And *that*,” added the chevalier, “ we all must allow Mademoiselle de St. Quentin to possess in a high degree. Surely, in that case beauty might be considered unnecessary.”

“ If you think so,” replied the prince, “ you had better make up to *la bossue* yourself, avec ses 60,000 livres de rente. Pour moi, je n’en veux pas ; je vous la cède.”

De Méry and Rosa could not help smiling at the manner in which the prince spoke of Marie ; the latter was going to undeceive him, when an intreating look from the chevalier prevented her.

The morning after this conversation, de Méry and the prince joined Lady de Clifford in the promenade de Sept-heures, the walk chiefly used by the water-drinkers in the morning, from its proximity to the town. They had scarcely got to the end of it, when Rosa felt an arm put round her waist ; turning, half frightened and angry, she discovered Marie’s sweet countenance over her shoulder. The whole party were delighted at seeing her. She had, she told them, arrived late the night before. Her mother, having had a violent spasmodic attack, had decided her father to bring her to Spa, and she had determined not to write to her friends,

that she might have the pleasure of surprising them.

Marie looked all happiness and gaiety. Prince Alexis scarcely took his eyes from her, and appeared charmed by her manners and person. De Méry studiously avoided naming her, and addressed her simply as Mademoiselle, and Rosa always calling her Marie, Prince Alexis remained in ignorance of who she was. At last, as they had frequently joined in conversation together during the walk, he begged the chevalier to introduce him, who appeared as if he had been awaiting this request, that he might be entertained by the comic surprise of his friend.

“Mademoiselle,” he said, turning to Marie, “Monseigneur Le Prince Alexis de Soblokow desire avoir l’honneur de vous être présenté ; c’est un jeune homme très aimable, dont vous serez charmé, quand-vous aurez fait sa connaissance, et je vous présente, mon Prince, dans cette demoiselle vive et spirituelle, la belle

Mademoiselle de St. Quentin. Je ne vous parle pas de ses talens," added de Méry, with a half smile at Prince Alexis, and bowing at the same time to Marie.

The start of surprise that Prince Alexis gave, and Rosa's fit of laughter when she was named, were so extraordinary and unaccountable to Marie, that she herself looked perplexed at the conduct of the whole party, when the chevalier was obliged to explain the deception he had practised on his friend ; and then, whispering to the Prince, he laughingly said,—“ Mon prince, rappelez vous que vous m'avez cédé l'héritière et ses 60,000 livres de rente ?”

“ La bossue, mon ami,” replied Prince Alexis quickly, “ mais non la belle.”

From this time Marie's new admirer took every opportunity of being with her, and seeking those friends with whom she passed most of her time, as her mother secluded herself entirely at home in consequence of her health.

The Marquise Schomberg was distantly related by marriage to the Roche Guyons, and was

well acquainted with them. Of course, Marie was constantly with her, and it was evident she sought to bring her two relations together. With Mademoiselle de St. Quentin's disposition, it was not in her nature to repel or repress attentions from any man, as habit and education had taught her to seek rather than avoid them. But, though she gave way to that *esprit de coquetterie*, which ruled all her actions in public, she loved her English friends too much to allow them to witness any thing of the kind in their private society. And as Lady de Clifford did not at that time attend the balls which had begun, or go to the Redoute* in the evening, she was not aware of conduct that had she been an eye-witness of, she would have considered highly blamable.

Mr. St. Leger had several times proposed that the de Cliffords should join a party which he wished to make to some of those places in the neighbourhood most worthy of being seen.

* The public assembly room at Spa.

The weather had hitherto proved unfavourable for any thing of the kind, and it had been put off. But as it now appeared to be more settled, he begged Lady de Clifford would agree to its taking place the following Monday, and the two intermediate days would allow of the necessary preparations for the pic-nic party which he intended proposing to his friends to join. After much difficulty it was decided that the destination of the party should be Justanville, a very pretty place and gardens belonging to an acquaintance of Le Comte Roche Guyon, who volunteered requesting his friend to allow them to take a cold dinner and pass the morning there. This being settled, it was next agreed they should meet at Mrs. St. Leger's in the evening, to settle finally the arrangements for the party. Marie, who resided near the Hôtel de Soissons, was to call for the de Cliffords, as she was to be chaperoned by them. A little before eight she was at their Hotel, and they proceeded to the St. Legers. Rosa fancied she

heard the voice of Monteith in the drawing-room, as she was ascending the stairs. A strange flutter of the heart immediately succeeded the idea. It appeared sympathetic between the two friends, for Marie, who had hold of Rosa's arm, immediately stopped, and said—"Il est là, chère Rose, c'est bien lui ; c'est la voix de Monsieur Monteith."

It was so unexpected, that for a minute Rosa could scarcely speak, and she felt thankful that the taking off their shawls allowed her time to recover herself. On entering the room, their expectations were not deceived. Elmsworth and Monteith were both there. On their driving into the town that afternoon, they were met by Mr. St. Leger, who was walking home, and he immediately stopped their carriage, asked them for the evening, and proposed their joining the party to Justanville.

Monteith met Lady de Clifford and Rosa at the door. On shaking hands with the latter, he reminded her that he had taken the hint

she had given him at Bruxelles, was now the *first* to receive all the expressions of pleasure she might chuse to bestow on him.

“ But do you not recollect, Mr. Monteith, the lecture you gave me for betraying my feelings as I then did. I am determined I will now punish you for the frowning countenance you shewed me that morning; and I shall neither express pleasure nor regret at seeing you.”

“ Perhaps you mean to say, Miss de Clifford, the *former* is to be kept for Lord Elmsworth; but I give you warning,” added he, trying to laugh off the displeased look of Rosa, “ that I shall watch you, and see if you have profited as well from my lecture, (as you call it,) in regard to him, as it appears you have done towards me.” But he had not that satisfaction, for he was called off to draw his ticket for the pic-nic dinner of Monday, at the moment when Lord Elmsworth approached Rosa; it having been arranged, that a lottery was to be made, and each person was to draw his dish, Mr. St. Leger having first made out the bill of fare.

If it had not been for this, the evening would have been very stupid, most of the party being unacquainted with each other, which generally creates a formality difficult to be shaken off. But the lottery allowed Mr. St. Leger to amuse himself with some of his bad jokes. Mademoiselle de St. Quentin's ticket was a tongue. He laughed, and said he supposed she wished to make an addition to what she knew so well how to use. Bad as this was, it nevertheless made people laugh. A Mr. Bacon, a friend of Mr. St. Leger, who was passing a short time at Spa, on his road to Vienna, fortunately for his friend's wit, drew chickens. On this he aptly remarked, that as the party would have bacon with their chickens, he thought he might be exempt from taking so expensive a dish as the one he had drawn, which was a ham, more particularly as *he* took Bacon with him. This *really* did cause much merriment. It was followed up by Lord Elmsworth's drawing a pigeon-pie. Mr. St. Leger then gravely remarked, that he hoped his lordship's *flightinesses* would be confined to his

pie. It certainly is most true, that often the greatest charm of a mixed company consists *dans des petits riens*. It is that which makes French society so much more cheerful than our own. *They* condescend to talk on trifles ; but with Englishmen, after the well-known topic of the weather has been discussed, they seldom open but on those subjects which, in general conversation, women are precluded from joining in. The ladies are, therefore, obliged either to be silent, or converse with each other. Is it, then, surprising, that dress and scandal are (too often I allow) the subjects generally talked on.

This trifling light conversation of Mr. St. Leger's soon, however, made those who before were unknown to each other better acquainted in a few hours, than if they had met in a large society for months.

As soon as the lottery ended, and tea was over, Mrs. St. Leger proposed their walking in the Sept-heures, as the evening was sultry, and their house joined the promenade. The

young people cheerfully agreed to do so, and Lady de Clifford gave Rosa to the charge of her brother, and, much to the delight of Marie, Monteith offered her his arm. As they chiefly walked with the de Cliffords, he occasionally had an opportunity of speaking to Rosa, but the watchful eye of Marie was upon him whenever he did so, and Rosa rather avoided than sought his conversation. They soon returned to their hotels, when the gentlemen quitted them, and went to the Redoute to play at the roulette table, and gamble away a few louis.

CHAPTER VI.

Next came Affectation, fair and young,
With half-formed accents on her tongue ;
Whose antic shapes and various face
Distorted every native grace.
Then Vanity, a wanton maid,
Flaunting in brussels and brocade,
Fantastic, frolicsome, and wild,
With all the trinkets of a child.

Cotton.

It was now the beginning of the month of August, and Lady de Clifford was requested to patronise the Saturday's ball, by making a party with her friends, and attending it. She was rather averse to encounter an amusement of that kind ; but Marie, Rosa, and Hugh, were so earnest on the subject, that she at length consented.

It was the first night that the ball-room had been opened, and the coup-d'œil, on entering it,

was most striking. In its perfect proportions, size, &c. it forms a model for a room of that description; and its being filled with well-dressed people added considerably to the beauty of the scene.

The de Cliffords, and Marie, with the Marquise Schomberg, entered the ball-room at the same moment. Mademoiselle de St. Quentin was immediately engaged to waltz by Prince Alexis, who devoted himself to his fair partner, and scarcely left her side. Monteith apparently took little notice of her, and had again resumed his cold and distant manner, which he had dropped the night before, on first meeting her. Whether, like a true coquette, Marie wished by flirting with one admirer to attract another, we will not inquire, but she certainly this evening gave the Prince, from her manners to him, every encouragement; so much so, as to call forth looks of surprise and displeasure from de Clifford, who appeared extremely annoyed at her behaviour. He did not, as usual, either dance or converse with her, and on seeing Rosa

by her, while she was coquetting with her new admirer, he went up to his sister, and, drawing her arm through his, quietly led her away, and seated her by his mother. Marie was evidently piqued at this conduct of Hugh's, and followed him and his sister with her eyes. But, alas! it did not correct the errors of Marie; for, as at Paris, she soon collected a little court around her, consisting of Prince Alexis, Le Baron Schomberg, a nephew of the Marquise, Monsieur de Méry, for Comtesse Corbinelli was absent from *la migraine*, (the excuse her husband gave for her not appearing,) and several others.

Rosa had been dancing with Lord Elmsworth, and not finding her mother where she had left her, had joined Mrs. St. Leger, who was looking at the dancers, when Monteith came up to her, and said he was commissioned by Lady de Clifford to bring Rosa to her in the adjoining room, where she then was. On joining her mother, Monteith remained standing by and conversing with Rosa.

“ I am happy to find you are an equestrian, Miss de Clifford, and hope I may sometimes be allowed to join your party. Are you beginning to be better satisfied with Spa, than you were on your first arrival?”

“ Indeed I am,” replied Rosa, “ and the more I see of it the more I like it. Is there any hope of Lord Monteith joining you here.”

“ I hope so, or, I believe, ere this, I should have been in Italy. But my brother has pressed me so much to give him the meeting here, that I could not refuse ; though, perhaps,” he added, with a half-smothered sigh, “ it would have been much better for me if I had not complied with his wishes.”

The voice of de Clifford answered close behind Monteith and Rosa, “ What, Arthur, are *you* afraid of the snares that beauty and coquetry may lay for you here ? You have withstood them so long that I thought you were invulnerable.”

“ To the former, *never* ; to the latter, *ever*,” exclaimed Monteith, quickly.

“ Well, well,” said Hugh, laughing, “ we shall see. Patience and perseverance in *le beau sexe* will do a great deal with us silly fellows, who are always to be caught in that way.”

“ Pray speak for yourself, de Clifford, and do not add my name to the silly fellows you chuse to class yourself with, as I have nothing to do with them.”

Rosa had often perceived how much Monteith disliked being laughed at by her brother, about the obvious preference shewn him by Marie, and he evidently was always anxious to make Rosa sensible that Mademoiselle de St. Quentin was nothing to him. She felt their feelings were reciprocal ; for was she not equally anxious to shew him how little she cared for the attentions of Lord Elmsworth ?

At this moment the notice of every one was attracted by the gamblers at the roulette table. Le Comte Corbinelli was losing, and his dark Italian countenance expressed his feelings violently. The Comte de la Roche Guyon was also playing, and winning a large sum, but *he*

retained the composure natural to him, though his sharp keen eye occasionally betrayed the interest taken in the game.

“Do you ever play?” asked Rosa of Monteith. “I am sure it must be so interesting, when I look at the anxious faces that surround us.”

“You ask me a question I feel half inclined not to answer,” replied Monteith; “but I will acknowledge I have played, and lost more money than it was in my power to pay. A kind and affectionate brother freed me from my embarrassments, on the promise of never committing the same error again, and you will believe the promise has been faithfully kept.”

“I have often heard,” remarked Lady de Clifford, “that abroad the English are considered as great gamblers. But here, it appears to be on the side of the foreigners: only look at the eagerness with which the Chevalier de Méry and Prince Alexis are playing at the bottom of the table.” For the waltz being over, most of the gentlemen had in consequence joined the roulette table; Lord Elmsworth

among the others. He came up close to where Lady de Clifford was standing.

“ I must follow the fashion and try my luck,” said Lord Elmsworth.

“ You had better not,” answered Monteith, “ you will certainly lose.”

“ I will try, however, and take my chance, and *chance* shall befriend me.” On saying this, taking a guillaume from his pocket, he threw it carelessly in the middle of the roulette table. It alighted in the centre of one of the numbers, and in less than three minutes that number was the winner, and more than thirty gold pieces were counted down to him by the croupier. Rosa heard a foreigner say near her, “ Rich people always win ; look at that English Milord winning such a sum in gold, and I have been losing the whole night playing for francs.”

“ Come, my good fellow,” said Elmsworth, turning to Monteith, “ try your chance, as I have done.”

“ I should certainly lose if I did. Indeed,

my chances of good fortune are so few, that I will not squander away those that are within my reach. Therefore, if I am lucky enough to find Miss de Clifford disengaged, will she honor me with dancing the quadrille that is going to begin ?”

Rosa assented, and Elmsworth declaring he should follow up his good luck, seated himself at the table.

“ I will bet you a sovereign,” said Monteith, you will rise a poorer man than you sat down.”

“ I would take your bet, but that I am mighty superstitious, and have been told that betting on your luck is unlucky. Besides, it would be no comfort to me to lose my money and win my friend’s ; therefore I refuse your bet, and here goes,” said he, chucking another gold piece in the middle of the table, as he had done before. The music striking up, did not allow Rosa and Monteith to see the event of it, as they joined the dancers in the ball-room.

During the evening she had seen very little

of Marie, for, after dancing with Monteith, the early hours of Spa allowed Lady de Clifford to retire, and, as she was waltzing at the moment they were leaving the ball-room, Rosa saw no more of her friend that night.

After church, on the next day, Sunday, Lady de Clifford and her daughter separated, the former wishing to pay some visits, and the latter preferring to walk home with her brother. They had just settled themselves at their different avocations—de Clifford was engaged writing to Danoot, at Bruxelles, having been much surprised at receiving no answer to his letter, and Rosa was reading—when a soft tap at the drawing-room door announced a visitor. As at Spa those who are intimate with each other live together as one family, and seldom inconvenience a servant by knocking at the house-door, which generally stands invitingly open to your friends, *entrez*, from both Hugh and Rosa at the same moment, soon brought the visitor to view; and Marié appeared at the opening door.

Rosa was, as usual, delighted to see her ; but de Clifford, gravely placing a chair for her next his sister, returned to the writing table, and spoke no more.

Marie told Rosa she was come to spend an hour with her, fearful she might not see her that day, as she was going with her mother to the Gironstere spa, where the Comtesse drank the waters ; and as she was to be absent at Justanville the best part of the following day, she intended devoting this to her mother. While conversing with Rosa, she occasionally addressed de Clifford, who, politely answering her, continued writing. In a voice loud enough to be heard by him, she said to Rosa, “ Monsieur votre frère me paroît un peu sauvage aujourd’hui ; en sais tu la cause, chère amie ? ”

“ Does Mademoiselle de St. Quentin ask the reason,” gravely replied Hugh, “ of the *sauvaagerie* with which she taxes me ? I should have thought that it required no explanation to *her*.”

“Then you wish to say you are angry with me,” returned Marie in a joking manner. “If so, pray tell me what for.”

“The suspecting I am angry with you, proves at least you are sensible of having committed a fault.”

“And does a young man venture to tell a young lady that she *has* a fault, or has committed one? I can recollect the time when Mr. de Clifford saw no fault in his friend Marie.”

At this speech de Clifford rose, and approaching Mademoiselle de St. Quentin, took her hand, and said,—

“Marie, (as you allow me to call you,) I acknowledge the truth of what you say. There *was* a time that I considered you like the many vain, foolish, flirting girls I had often met with. In that character I gave not myself the trouble to seek for faults, and I told you truth, when I said I saw none. But, when I began to know the value, and learnt the intrinsic merit of *mon amie*—when I began to estimate her worth, her

talents, her cultivated mind, and goodness of heart that education and the world could not corrupt or spoil, I then perceived, with regret, that the friend I so much admired and prized, *had a fault*. Ah ! forgive me, Marie,” continued he, pressing affectionately her hand between his, “ forgive the keen eye of friendship discovering, in otherwise a faultless character, a dark spot which he wishes to efface. And is there not occasionally seen a speck on the disk of the splendid luminary that gives us light ?”

During this speech, Marie looked down ; towards its termination she turned her soft blue eyes up to Hugh, with a look, soliciting his indulgence. The expression of them, at all times, as I have before said, was irresistible—for, though of no decided colour, they appeared to vary in expression, and *even in colour*, according to the feelings that governed her at the time. While looking at her youthful Mentor, they gained additional lustre from the tear that bedewed the long dark eye-lashes that fringed their lids. The expression of meekness and

gratitude the look conveyed was that of a Madonna, and for a second Hugh could almost have fancied her something celestial, so sweet was the expression of her countenance! for Marie was no decided beauty,—and, taking her features separately, with the exception of her eyes and mouth, they would scarcely have been considered handsome.

After a few seconds, she replied, “ Ah! je l’avoue, je suis coupable. Pardonnez à votre amie, qu’un monde séduisant et trompeur lui fait quelques fois oublier ses devoirs, car c’en est un, de ne pas se corriger de la vanité. Une éducation qui a été peut-être mal dirigée, doit être mon excuse. Mais, enfin, vous serez content de moi, et je tacherai,” continued she, smiling, “ de ne plus jouer la vilaine rôle de coquette.” De Clifford kissed the hand which he still held, and on letting it drop, replied,

“ Who could remember, or even see a fault in one, who so sweetly acknowledges and seeks to correct it.”

Marie then, shaking hands with him, said,

“ Nous sommes amis ? ” — “ Pour toujours,” was the answer ; and soon after she quitted her friends to join her mother, who called for her.

“ Surely, my dear brother, said Rosa, after she was gone, you have been harsh and unkind to dear Marie.”

“ I almost fear I have. But I own she provoked me last night with that Russian prince, to whom I know she is perfectly indifferent, and whom I also see *her* friends and *his* are anxious she should marry. Never, I am certain, can she be happy with a man, whose mind, though in a degree improved by travelling, is by nature better calculated for a drill sergeant, than for what he is. She is, therefore, encouraging attentions for which she cares not, and giving hopes she never means to realize. I have really so sincere a friendship for her, that when I see her act in so blameable a manner, I cannot avoid telling her.”

“ She is certainly a sweet creature,” exclaimed Rosa, when he finished speaking, “ and a most *loveable* one,” giving her brother a sly look, as

she marked the word ; but he took no notice of it, and continued writing.

On Lady de Clifford's return, when they were alone, Rosa repeated the little scene that had occurred in the morning between Marie and her brother, and mentioned the amiable temper that her friend had displayed on the occasion.

“ I allow,” replied Lady de Clifford, “ that she merits all you say of her ; but she too often allows her imagination, and her vanity, to get the better of her good sense, instead of keeping the former, (as it ever ought to be,) subordinate to the *latter* ; for, though it may be considered as the principal engine that works upon our feelings, though it increases our pleasures, as it adds to our pains, yet, in youth, dear Rosa, you will find the imagination too often proves itself a deceptive ignis fatuus, if allowed to rule us uncontrolled. But I hope your friend will benefit by the lecture given to her. She has chosen a young director, and I only dread your brother will find, too late, that the interest he takes in that pleasing sweet young creature, is far be-

yond what he conceives it to be, and what he miscals friendship ; but, for the present, I fear I can do nothing, and must leave things as they are until your father's return."

When the party met, to set off the next day for Justanville, there was some difficulty in settling how the individuals composing it were to go. It had been decided, at the earnest request of Hugh and Rosa, that *she* was to be one of the equestrians, rather against her mother's inclinations. But her brother promised to take the greatest care of her, and Lady de Clifford felt assured she could depend upon him ; for, though thoughtless, in many respects, he fondly loved his sister, and at the same time that he would be irritable, and teasing, when any thing occurred to put him out of humour, yet, as soon as his good temper returned, he would in the most affectionate manner make up for past unkindness. She had from his boyhood been so completely under his dominion, that she ever gave way to him from fear, as well as love ; having always experienced the greatest affection from

him. Most of the gentlemen were to ride with the Comtesse Corbinelli, and it was at last decided that the Marquise Schomberg, with Marie and her father, were to accompany Lady de Clifford in her carriage, and Mr. Bacon the St. Legers in theirs. Marie had been very anxious to join her friends on horseback, but being an indifferent horsewoman her mother had disapproved of it; de Clifford had, however, promised to instruct her.

On leaving Spa, Rosa and her brother were joined by Elmsworth and Monteith. Rosa flattered herself that the latter would place himself by her; but Elmsworth did not allow him the opportunity, for he took the place, and kept it, until they arrived at Justanville, shewing her a thousand nameless attentions, which it was impossible for Rosa to avoid receiving without betraying a petulant temper of mind, which she was far from feeling towards her good-natured companion.

They were soon followed by the Comtesse and her shadow de Méry, and Prince Alexis,

who had accompanied Monsieur de Schomberg in his britzka. On meeting Marie, Prince Alexis seemed rather surprised at the cool manner in which she received him, but he was evidently now aware of her character for coquetterie, and did not appear in the least annoyed by the change, but continued his attentions the same as before.

After the company had assembled, the Comte Roche Guyon took his daughter aside, and desired her, when the party had made the tour of the grounds, to draw her younger friends to the Temple on the top of the hill, where fruit had been sent for their refreshment by the obliging owner of the place. This was accordingly done by Marie; as, after walking through the shrubberies, and viewing the manufactory in the neighbourhood, she proposed their ascending the steep hill, to see the beautiful country which it overlooked; well aware, *que les mamans*, as she called them, would be too much tired to accompany them.

Here was too fine an opportunity for Miss St.

Leger to *shew off*, to allow it to escape. She therefore declared she was not strong enough, and was much too delicate in her health, to attempt any thing of the kind, and as to ascending such a precipice, as the one before her, it was impossible.

“ Indeed, my dear Miss St. Leger, it looks much worse than it really is,” said Rosa, “ and I assure you, it will repay you for the exertion. In my rides with my brother I have ever found the beauty of the scenery, and the lovely prospects that are viewed from these hills, are more than equivalent to the fatigue attending the ascent.”

“ Impossible, it is quite impossible !” repeated the wilful conceited young lady. “ You and Mademoiselle de St. Quentin are stronger than I am, and I really must be allowed to return to the house.”

“ But you cannot return by yourself,” said de Clifford, in an angry tone, “ and few here will be inclined to leave their party to attend you.”

“ Had *you* not better offer to accompany her,

Elmsworth," said Monteith aside to him, but loud enough for Rosa to overhear.

" Confound her whims and fancies, I'd see her in the Thames first," was his Lordship's polite reply.

Monsieur de Méry, with all the gallantry of a Frenchman, then came forward, and said he was at her service, and should consider it an honor, if she would allow him to be her walking stick, and, offering his arm, hoped she would not be cruel enough to withdraw the sunshine of her smiles from their party. This compliment proved irresistible, and she at length consented to proceed, de Méry supporting Miss St. Leger on one arm and Comtesse Corbinelli on the other, and sportively calling them *ses pendans d'oreille*.

At the conclusion of the discussion which de Méry had so happily terminated, Marie said, with a laughing meaning, look to de Clifford " Pray solve me a problem—which is to be preferred, affectation or coquetterie ?"

“ I understand you, and will answer you with sincerity. Affectation is injurious only to the person who has the folly to possess it. The mischief that ensues from coquetterie is far more extensive ; it causes the misery of others, independent of ourselves ; and the consequences are too often as fatal to the possessor, as to the sufferers from it. Are you satisfied with the definition I have given you ?” Marie nodded her head in the affirmative.

After many stoppages and restings, to allow Miss St. Leger to recover from the fatigue attending the walk, of which, as the ascent was really steep, most of the ladies were very willing to take advantage, they at last reached the top of the hill, on the point of which the temple is placed. Exclamations of delight were heard from every one, on seeing a table placed within it, covered with a variety of fruit, and a vase in the middle filled with garden and green-house flowers. How charming ! How refreshing ! How delightful ! was reiterated by the whole

party, who immediately seated themselves to enjoy a repast so politely prepared for them.

The bouquet then became the subject of admiration, and Mademoiselle de St. Quentin, while selecting some flowers, said—

“ J’ai lu, je ne sais dans quel auteur, que les orientaux expriment tous leur sentimens par le moyen des fleurs. L’idée m’a paru si interessante, et la combinaison si ingenieuse, que l’année derniere je me suis amusée d’en faire un recueil, et, d’après mon auteur, de les classer et de donner à chaque fleur l’emblème qui lui appartient.”

“ Do you recollect any of them ?” asked de Clifford ; “ if you do, pray give us a specimen of this new language.”

“ C’est plutôt le langage de l’amour,” answered Marie, “ et sert souvent à la correspondance du cœur. Nous le devons, à ce que dit l’auteur dont je viens de faire mention, à l’esclavage orientale des femmes, qui, isolées dans l’intérieur d’un harem, l’imagination a dû leur

créer des ressources ; et, sans cesse entourées des fleurs, il leur sera venu dans l'esprit de donner à chacune d'elles une idée en analogie avec sa couleur et son parfum. Cet alphabet s'est repandu un peu parmi nous."

"This I know," said de Clifford, taking up a small blue flower that resembled the *myosotis palustris*, "to be the *Vergiss mein nicht* of the Germans, or ne m'oubliez pas. Will my fair friend allow me to offer it to her?"

Marie took it with a sweet smile, and placing it in her sash, on the left side, she said, "Je le place là," pointing to her heart.

"I know enough of flowers," remarked Prince Alexis, "to be aware of the meaning *this* flower conveys. Will Mademoiselle de St. Quentin permit me to present it to her?" offering her a rose which he held in his hand. She took it, and looked at it for a second, then, returning it to him, with the stem uppermost, she replied, "If that is the case, you will understand the answer given."

He took it up, and, with a countenance

lighted up by anger, threw the rose from him, and walked away.

“La reponse est un peu bref,” remarked Monsieur de Schomberg, with a sly wink to de Méry, who looked all surprise at Marie’s conduct. De Clifford, who was near her, was quite in the dark as to the cause of Prince Soblokow’s anger, and in a low voice asked de Méry.

“Are you not aware,” said he, in reply to Hugh’s question, “that a rose signifies *je vous aime*, and that a flower turned downwards implies the reverse of its signification? Thus the rose, as given by Mademoiselle St. Quentin, meant *je ne vous aime pas*.” On hearing this explanation, de Clifford was not surprised at the anger and mortification expressed by the Russian.

Marie, apparently unconscious of what was going on, continued employing herself in selecting flowers, her young friends having petitioned her to make them an emblematical nosegay. After having chosen some, she distributed them,

and presenting one to the Comtesse Corbinelli, said, "La menthe, chère Comtesse, est l'emblème *de la vertu*. La germandrée (germander), *plus je vous vois, plus je vous aime*."

"Ringrazia, Carissima," replied the Comtesse, with a smile of satisfaction. "It is too flattering for me not to be gratified by the compliment."

Marie then turned to Rosa. "La reseda (mignonette), ma douce amie, vous dira, *que vos qualités surpassent vos charmes*, et la pervenche (periwinkle), *que je te voue une amitié pour la vie*." Rosa (as she held out her hand with the flowers) took them, and bending forward, gave her friend an affectionate embrace.

To Sophia St. Leger she then gave a branch of oleander. "Permettez moi de vous offrir le laurier rose. C'est la beauté, et vous la méritez." Miss St. Leger was evidently taken by surprise at a compliment so unexpected. She well knew she was no favourite of Marie's, and however she might be fully sensible of her claims to beauty, she had sufficient good sense

to be aware that Rosa infinitely surpassed her. Colouring up, which made her look still more pretty, she replied, "Indeed, I am not worthy of it, for I feel Miss de Clifford has a much better right to it," and she offered the branch of oleander to Rosa, who immediately refused it with a smile, remarking, that "Mademoiselle de St. Quentin had shewn her judgement in the flower she had selected for her."

Every one of the party looked pleased at the modest natural manner displayed by Sophia on this occasion, and which was unusual in her. Mr. Bacon, who had scarcely looked at her before, appeared to be struck by the beauty of a countenance which he certainly had never seen to such advantage. De Méry, who had always something *à propos* to say on every occasion, observed, "That had the Goddess of Discord ventured to shew herself in modern times, and thrown the golden apple *à la plus belle* among the goddesses of that little party, (bowing to Marie, Rosa, and Sophia St. Leger,) she apparently would have found it difficult to have

caused either envy, jealousy, or resentment, among them."

The gentlemen now requested Mademoiselle de St. Quentin not to forget them in the distribution of her favours; de Clifford claiming his as a right, he having given *her* a flower. But Marie appeared to find it difficult to comply with their request, and, after taking up and laying down some flowers in an undecided manner, she requested Hugh to bring her a branch of oak and some ivy from a tree that grew near the temple.

The ivy she gave to de Clifford as he presented it to her, and said, "*c'est la fidélité en amitié.*" He bowed, and after putting the leaves to his lips, placed them in his button-hole. The branch of oak she gave to Monteith, and informed him that it was *l'amour de la patrie*. Then, taking up two of the rejected flowers, a convolvulus, and a yellow rose, she laughingly offered them to de Méry. "Does not conscience tell you their name?" said she. "L'inconstance! et l'infidélité!" exclaimed de Méry, pretending

a start of surprise, with a comic look of anger. “Je n’en veux pas,” and theatrically throwing them away, as Prince Alexis had done the rose, he declared himself highly offended.

The Comtesse now interfered. “I really must break up this agreeable *conversazione* ; mais il faut songer à descendre la montagne,—as it is getting late, and, as your chaperon, I must remind you it is time to think of joining the rest of our party.” De Méry immediately offered her his arm ; Lord Elmsworth did the same to Rosa, at the moment when Monteith was approaching her. With a look of discontent and anger the latter turned to Sophia, who took his arm, as well as Mr. Bacon’s, Marie having preceded them with de Clifford and Monsieur Schomberg.

On reaching the bottom of the hill, they met Mr. St. Leger coming to inform them dinner was ready. On seeing the party he said, “Ah ! ah ! young ladies, very *well* managed, very well paired. Sophia and Mademoiselle de St. Quentin have got, I perceive, *two strings* to their bow ;

quite right, if one fails, the other is ready to replace it. Miss de Clifford, I see, has but *one* ; she feels secure of *her's*, I suppose, and does not require a second." He then laughed immoderately at his joke. Rosa was excessively annoyed ; the more so as she perceived Monteith's eye fixed on her with a look almost expressive of scorn as well as anger. She immediately withdrew her arm from that of Elmsworth, who, entering into St. Leger's joke, laughed and said--

"Never mind him, Miss de Clifford ; he only spoke the truth, and that you must well know. Do not, therefore, let what St. Leger has said prevent you from taking my arm." She, however, decidedly refused doing so.

At dinner, Lord Elmsworth seated himself by her ; indeed, almost claimed the place as belonging to him, from Mr. Bacon, who was going to occupy it, and who immediately resigned it, and placed himself next to Sophia. The dinner was as agreeable as most pic-nic dinners are ; generally the least agreeable part

of the day, and often more pleasant to look forward to than when it takes place.

The ladies soon left the table, and the young people seated themselves in a bosquet, or arbour, near the house, where the gentlemen soon joined them. But Monteith studiously avoided Rosa and his friend; the latter of whom, on the contrary, took every opportunity to be near her.

On returning to Spa, instead of joining her and her brother, he rode with the Comtesse and de Méry; and, though Rosa wished to be cold and repulsive to Elmsworth, in hopes that by so doing he might perceive that his attentions were displeasing to her, she found it (from his extreme good-humour) impossible to be so. His comical stories, which, told by another, or even repeated, would scarcely have been considered worth listening to, from the humorous manner in which he related them, made every one laugh; and when Rosa had determined to be silent, and reserved *to him*, she found herself insensibly, *malgré elle*, laugh-

ing *with him* ; and much as she liked and admired Monteith, she could not avoid thinking he had, during that day, been captious, and willing to take offence at trifles. And so he certainly had been. But Rosa was not aware how deeply Monteith was in love, how vainly he was trying to conquer a passion, which, thrown as he had lately been constantly in the society of the object of it, he was, too late, beginning to find unconquerable. His poverty, also, made him irritable, as he was inclined to feel himself neglected for the richer and the titled admirer, by the woman whom he felt assured must be aware how much he admired her ; and, though sensible he was acting dishonourably, to say the least of it, in trying to gain her affections, when he well knew it was not in his power to marry, yet, *when* he was in her company, he found it impossible to resist shewing her attentions, and feeling vexed and provoked that she, even passively, received them from others, but more particularly from Elmsworth, whom he knew to be his rival.

Thus it is, that even in the best and most amiable of men, as well as in those who possess the strongest principles, we ever find love the most interested and selfish of passions. To describe it properly, we have only to refer to the pages of Shakspeare, who, from his knowledge of mankind, most truly says—

“ It is to be all made of sighs and tears ;
It is to be all made of faith and service ;
It is to be all made of fantasie ;
All made of passion and all made of wishes ;
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance.”

CHAPTER VII.

The pilgrim that journies all day
To visit some far distant shrine,
If he bear but a relique away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine.
Thus widely removed from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion I owe,
Soft hope is the relique I bear,
And my solace wherever I go.
Shenstone.

DISCONTENTED with himself and others, Monteith refused to accompany de Clifford and Elmsworth to the theatre, where they intended to conclude the evening. He returned to his lodgings, where, under the influence of the feelings that governed him at that moment, he sat down and wrote to his mother. He described to her the state of his mind, and the misery he was enduring from the feeling that

his poverty prevented his making any effort to secure the affections of the amiable being he represented Rosa to be, with all the enthusiasm of a lover ; and *she* of course did not lose any of her charms in the description given. He concluded his letter by earnestly entreating Lady Monteith to urge his brother not to delay his intended journey to Spa, as he felt himself unequal to withstand the temptation that was daily thrown in his way, and, should Lord Monteith, from the season being now much advanced, decide on not coming, he had determined, in case Elmsworth refused to accompany him, (which he thought most probable,) to set off immediately for Italy.

With a mind in some degree disburdened of his vexations, he went to bed, but not to sleep ; for conscience told him that, in seeking the society of Rosa, as he had lately done, he was acting wilfully wrong ; and he decided, after some hesitation, to deny himself the gratification of seeing her so constantly, and to spend a few days at Aix-la-Chapelle, until he received the

answer from his mother, which would decide his plans. Some indistinct hopes occasionally came across him, that, as his brother was never likely to marry, he might come forward on this occasion, as he had done on others, to restore his peace of mind ; and, with these fleeting visions of future happiness in perspective, he at last went to sleep.

For several days Rosa was sensible that he avoided and even neglected her. When she heard of his intended visit to Aix-la-Chapelle, she felt assured he had other motives for going there than the one he ostensibly gave, that of curiosity ; but she determined not to appear to be aware of any change in him, and to behave exactly the same as heretofore.

As Hugh and Rosa were seated one morning under the piazza at the Pouthon, talking to Mr. and Mrs. St. Leger, a carriage and four post-horses passed them, and turned into the Hôtel d'Orange. Mr. St. Leger, like all people who have little to do, was extremely curious, and

having discovered a coronet on the pannel of the door, he wondered who it could be.

“ Surely,” remarked de Clifford, “ I have seen that carriage before. By the bye, Rosa, is it not the same that I admired at the Musée at Bruxelles, which belonged to your beauty of the Tuileries ?”

“ It is not unlikely,” answered his sister, “ for if you recollect, the *Livre des Etrangers* mentioned the lady was going to Cologne and Mayence, and they are come into Spa by that road.”

“ Then you know their names ?” asked St. Leger.

“ If they are those we suppose them to be, it is a Lady Elphinstone, and, I believe, her daughter,”—

“ Whom Rosa fancies a great beauty” interrupted Hugh, “ and wishes to persuade us all to think the same.”

“ I must positively go and find out,” said St. Leger, “ who they are, and if it is the lady you mention. I see the courier at the porte

cochère, and I will try and gain the information from him."

He was accordingly walking off, when Mrs. St. Leger called after him, and desired he would not forget to inquire likewise, how long they intended staying. For this couple were much alike in one respect, *that* of curiosity.

St. Leger shortly returned. "You are right, Miss de Clifford," said he, "it is Lady Elphinstone and her niece, Lady Emma Fairfax; they are come here to meet *her* father, whom they expect every day."

"It must then," said Rosa, "be the daughter of my mother's friend, Lord Glanmore. If you recollect, Hugh, in one of my father's letters, he mentions Lord Glanmore's intention of joining his daughter abroad."

"I have forgotten all about it," answered her brother carelessly, who, at that moment, was deeply intent on whipping off a fly that had lucklessly perched on the toe of his boot, "but I dare say you are right."

"I am glad," remarked Mrs. St. Leger,

“that we are likely to have some new people; for I was really beginning to be quite tired of the old faces.”

“Thank you, Mrs. St. Leger,” retorted Hugh. “Of course, however, you mean the present company excepted.”

Poor Mrs. St. Leger laughed and coloured up at the unlucky speech she had made, which, in fact, was truth, for not one of the party she was now living with suited this gossiping and curious though good-natured little woman; who, from having all her life lived in the vicinity of a country town, had, I might say, existed in hearing from *one*, and retailing to *another*, the gossip and news of the city of York.

The ladies of the party among which she was now accidentally thrown, were characters cast in a very superior mould to that of Mrs. St. Leger; and as their conversation was, generally, on subjects which she did not comprehend and understand sufficiently to allow her to converse on them, she found herself, on many occasions,

alone and neglected in the society that were now assembled together at Spa.

Rosa had, for the last few days, seen very little of any of them, in consequence of Lady de Clifford having been unwell, and her being entirely confined to the house, in attending her mother. This she did not regret, as Monteith was gone to Aix-la-Chapelle, and she also avoided Elmsworth, which she was anxious to do, his attentions having become much more pointed than they had yet been. She had also, at de Clifford's desire, lent her pony to Marie ; as, with the Comtesse's permission, he was instructing his fearless pupil to ride. This kept Rosa more at home than she otherwise would have been.

In the meantime, Monteith was leading a solitary life at Aix-la-Chapelle, knowing no one, and, after having visited the first day the rides and drives in the neighbourhood, he generally passed the mornings, during the hot weather, listlessly thrown on a sofa, ruminating on the past, the present, and the uncertain future.

When, occasionally, his thoughts turned towards the probable decease of his sickly and infirm brother, and the certainty of inheriting his fortune and title, his good principles and warm affection for Lord Monteith made him shudder to reflect that love could thus overcome those early affections, which, after those claimed by our parents, are the first our heart opens to in youth—fraternal love. Calling to mind the happy youthful days which he had passed with his affectionate Allan, he determined he would continue to avoid Rosa, as the being who, however lovely and amiable in herself, was, from *that* very loveliness and amiability, the cause of thoughts and feelings which he was ashamed and shocked at having for a moment allowed his mind to dwell on. But at last his state of mind was so wretched and miserable, that he could bear it no longer, and, forgetting all his wise resolutions, he determined to return to Spa. On writing to de Clifford, desiring him to secure his former lodgings for the following day, he added, as a salvo to his

conscience, that it was his intention to set out for Italy as soon as he received letters from his brother.

On the afternoon of the day that Monteith returned from Aix-la-Chapelle, different parties met in the Sept-heures; the morning having been so intensely hot, that only those who drank the waters ventured exposing themselves to the burning rays of the sun. Rosa and her mother were seated on one of the benches in the promenade, enjoying the shade and the cool breezes of the evening, which at Spa are singularly reviving, when La Marquise Schomberg came up to them, and requested Lady de Clifford and Rosa would honour her with their company to tea that evening, as she proposed having an early party, and those who wished to attend the *rédoute* might go there afterwards; at the same time requesting they would not make any *toilette*, as all her young friends were to come to her in their evening walking dress.

Lady de Clifford accepted the invitation, and at eight o'clock, the hour specified by the Mar-

quise, they walked to her hotel, where they found a large party already assembled—The Comte Roche Guyon and his daughter, Lord Elmsworth and Monteith, de Clifford, the Corbinellis, de Méry, and the St. Legers, with most of the society that were known to each other. The young people soon drew Rosa from the side of her mother, and seated her with them round a large tea-table, on which was placed fruit, rolls, and cakes, with coffee and tea. They all seemed so happy and merry, that Rosa began to lose, in some degree, the feeling of sadness that had overpowered her during the day. She was seated next Monteith, and had not the annoyance of seeing attentions paid to him by Marie, which she felt assured he must be gratified by. He this evening conversed with her in that pleasing manner which he had formerly done; and, as they were probably soon to be separated, she felt it a consolation that he had dropped the cold and distant manner he had lately adopted towards her.

The Marquise soon joined them, and, per-

ceiving that they had all finished their tea, said, "Mes enfans, vous avez l'air bien triste ! Why do you not propose some entertaining game, *afin de vous occuper ?*"

"We want a leader, chère Marquise," replied Mademoiselle de St. Quentin ; "come and help us to throw off the cloud of stupidity that overwhelms us."

"Pray do not include me, Mademoiselle," said the chevalier de Méry ; "I, for one, positively protest against being stupid ; et, quand on est auprès de vous, est il possible de l'être ?"

"Eh bien ! il faut, donc, montrer votre galanterie en faisant des charades à l'impromptu," returned the Marquise. "Allons, messieurs, des plumes, un cahier, du papier, et je vais vous mettre à l'ouvrage."

"Ayez pitié d'un malheureux," said de Méry, in a begging tone of voice, (and putting his hands together,) to the Marquise, "who never could find out a charade in his life, and is still less capable of making one."

"Cela ne fait rien," replied *l'impitoyable*

Marquise, “quand on est aussi galant que vous, il faut espérer que les idées ne vous manqueront pas;” and she immediately ordered the tea-table to be cleared, and pen, ink, paper, and pencil, placed before the whole party.

“Mais, je n’écris pas bien l’anglois,” said *Marie*; “il faut, donc, que le mien soit en françois.”

“*Che fare!*” ejaculated the *Comtesse Corbignelli* with a look of despair; “et moi, je ne sais pas bien écrire en françois.”

“Eh bien, donc, mes enfans,” said the *Marquise*, “il faut écrire vos charades dans la langue que vous connoissez le mieux.”

At length the party, finding the *Marquise* was determined, were obliged to consent. The charades, when written, were to be folded and thrown into a vase, and mixed together; then drawn, read, and guessed. Thus the writer, unless he chose to acknowledge himself, might remain unknown. It was comical to see the various efforts made by most of the party, to produce something worthy of themselves. The fingers of the ladies were put in requisition,

counting their syllables, to ascertain if the number of feet in their lines were correct. Monteith had very early written, folded, and thrown his into the vase, and then gallantly said, he was at the service of the ladies to help them in theirs. Poor Rosa was in great distress ; not *one* idea presented itself to her imagination ; and the dread of writing something very stupid, appeared to paralyze all her faculties. Vainly she applied to her brother to aid her. Alas ! the muses had flown from him likewise, and had apparently fixed themselves among the natives of a warmer climate ; as Marie, the chevalier, and the Comtesse Corbinelli, all appear to have found no difficulty in complying with the wishes of their kind and amiable hostess.

At length Monteith gave Rosa a helping hand, and the charades being completed, were thrown into the vase, The Marquise Schomberg was then called on to read them, as she understood French and English perfectly, and to decide to whom the prize should be adjudged for the best written charade.

As there were some very inferior to the others, and scarcely worth giving, I shall only select those most tolerable, and which appeared to give the most pleasure to the party. The Marquise, seating herself at the head of the table, with mock gravity began by making the following speech :—

“ Ladies and gentlemen,—I must request that, whatever may be my decision on this important point, those whose charades are rejected will bear their mortification and disappointment with that temper, good-humour, and forbearance, which I have ever witnessed in my amiable young friends. Having given you this preface, I shall proceed,” And, de Méry presenting her the vase, she drew the following charade and read it aloud.

“ D'être mon premier, à tout âge on aspire,
Repetez le,—et l'enfant le desire ;
Mon second est l'ennemie de la tristesse,
Elle marche lentement avec la paresse ;
Mon tout on poursuit au village, à la cour,
Mais sans le trouver, je le cherche toujours.”

“ Eh bien, mesdames,” said the Marquise, “ devinez le.”

Various attempts were made, but all were unsuccessful. At length, de Méry, turning to Marie, said,—

“ C’est le *bon-heur* ! but how is it possible that Mademoiselle de St. Quentin, whose society and whose talent form the happiness of all those who surround her, how is it possible, *que sans trouver le bonheur, elle le cherche toujours ?*”

Marie blushed, and then said, “ It is a paradox, perhaps. But pray allow a little license to the poet ; *c’est permis, je crois.*”

The Marquise, then calling the attention of the party, now drew another paper and read the following.

“ If I were a lover, my first I would name
As the flower I’d give to express “ *je vous aime.*”
My second’s the guardian of Britain’s fair isles,
And seen after absence, is greeted with smiles.
To sportsmen, to hunters, to soldiers so bold,
My third is a friend, tho’ it oft proves a foe :
My whole do you ask for ? Ah ! need it be told,
’Tis the fairest, the loveliest woman I know.”

“ Messieurs,” said the Marquise, “ ceci vous regarde ; il faut vous décider à me nommer la plus belle femme que vous connoissez. But as this is written in English, it *must* be addressed to a *compatriote*.”

All eyes were immediately turned to *Rose Clifford*, whose name had thus been so prettily turned into a charade.

“ Elmsworth,” said de Clifford, “ is Rosa to thank you for this piece of gallantry ?”

“ I wish it were I ; but gallantry and poetry never went hand-in-hand with Elmsworth. Monteith, I fear you have all the credit of this ; and I fear, still more, your gallantry to the ladies will gain you the prize.”

Rosa’s cheeks were suffused with blushes, not only from the attention that Monteith’s compliment had drawn upon her, but from the pleasurable sensation she experienced at thus hearing his opinion of her so publicly and plainly expressed, and in a way so gratifying to her feelings. Monteith only bowed at Lord

Elmsworth's speech, which was said in a tone that was far from pleasing.

The Marquise, perceiving this, hastened to draw another paper, in hopes by so doing to restore good-humour, and soothe the angry feeling apparent in his lordship. The next was in French.—

“ Mon premier est un tyran ;
Mon second est un monstre ;
Et mon tout est le diable.”

“ Ah ! je reconnois,” said Marie, laughing, “ la Comtesse Corbinelli. Mais ceci est de mémoire, et non de tête. Il faut, cependant, le lui pardonner—elle est étrangère à notre langue. But as her husband is gone to the Redoute, she amuses herself with abusing *Le Mari-age* ; which she would not dare to do if he were present.”

“ Avouez cependant,” answered the Comtesse, “ che se non é vero (come si dice a Roma) è ben trovato.”*

* If not true, (as they say at Rome,) it is at least well thought of.

“ You see,” said de Clifford, in a low voice, to Marie, “ the Comtesse Corbinelli is not better satisfied with her lot than you. Elle cherche le bonheur tout comme un autre.”

“ Dites plutôt,” replied Marie, “ qu’elle l’a cherché, et qu’elle l’a trouvé; car je la crois parfaitement heureuse.”

“ Dans le mariage, peut-être,” answered de Clifford. “ But do you mean to comprise all happiness in that state?” She shook her head expressively.

While this conversation was going on, the other charades were drawn and read, all too inferior and insignificant to be named. The last, however, was rather more worthy of being recorded. I will therefore give it to my readers.—

“ To do my first there’s nought in life
Can equal half the pleasure ;
To avoid my second oft I strive,
With loss of time and leisure.
Come guess my whole, ye sportsmen keen,
’Twill well reward your skill;
In youth, in age, in manhood green,
It will your wish fulfil.”

“ Elmsworth is the only sportsman at this

board of green cloth," said de Clifford, "that I know of. We will, therefore, all acknowledge you have made a very good charade on your favourite *Hunt-er*. Now, Marquise, name the poet we are to crown with bays, as having gained the prize."

"Can there be a doubt?" exclaimed the Marquise. "We ladies must all agree to give the prize to him who so well can praise the charms of our sex. To Mr. Monteith, therefore, the prize is given," she added, bowing to him.

"I am most grateful for the honour, but acknowledge I feel rather anxious to know the prize I am to receive."

"I also," said the Marquise, "feel rather diffident in naming what, perhaps, may not be agreeable to all *notre petite société*. What do you say to a party to the château de Monjardin? As the last to Justanville was so pleasant, it encourages me to propose another, and, in that case, we ought to name our poet-

laureat knight for that day to the fair lady whose charms he has sung so well."

All the young people were delighted at this proposal of the Marquise Schomberg; and Rosa, with Sophia St. Leger, immediately flew to their mothers, and begged their acquiescence in it; which, after some few difficulties, was finally agreed to, and it was decided it should take place the next (or first fine) day.

The young people then returned to their seats, at the *ci-devant* tea-table, and, on Rosa resuming her's next to Monteith, he said to her,

"In allotting to me the enviable situation of knight to Miss de Clifford, I regret her own wishes were not consulted. May I hope they accord with those of her friends."

"You forget, Mr. Monteith, that your inclinations were not consulted any more than mine."

"Do you mean then to doubt my inclinations? If so, I fear Miss de Clifford must be blind to the sentiments and feelings of those who have the happiness to live in her society."

Monsieur de Méry's voice, calling for the Marquise Schomberg to decide on the next game, here interrupted the conversation, which, indeed, did not allow of an answer from Rosa.

"Marquise," said de Clifford, on her approaching the table, "you must positively decide between de Méry and Mademoiselle de St. Quentin, who are at variance in the choice of the game."

"Between a gentleman and a lady, there can be no difficulty of deciding. The chevalier must give way, and Mademoiselle de St. Quentin must name the game."

The jeu des caractères had been proposed by the latter, and as Marie was the only one who understood it, she was to undertake the management of it. She then explained to the party, that a card would be dealt to each person. The clubs and spades were to represent *the vices**—the hearts and diamonds *the virtues*.

* The idiom of the French language does not give to the word *vice* the positive and exclusive meaning *we* attach to it. With them, vice includes faults in the character as well as bad propensities.

But, as there were only four cardinal virtues, any card drawn above a four, was not to exceed *that* number of virtues and *vices*. The court-cards exempted those who drew them from having their characters told. Those who were unlucky enough to draw the black suit, were allowed to make their defence, on their character being given. Having thus made those who were ignorant of the game fully understand it, she dealt a card to each of the party; the Marquise Schomberg being drawn in to belong to it.

Marie then, in the style and words of a conjurer, and in so droll a manner as to make them all laugh, took up the chevalier's card, who was seated next to her, saying, as she turned it up, "Messieurs et Mesdames, regardez la carte que voilà, s'il vous plait. Son caractère y est, par sa couleur déchiffrée." It was the three of clubs.

"Comment donc, Chevalier," continued Marie, "trois vices! Il faut vous préparer à vous mettre sur votre défense. C'est l'*amour*,

le *jeu*, et le *vin*. Mais comme le temps presse, et la soirée se passe, permettez moi de vous dire qu'il faut que la défense soit courte."

"J'espère, Mademoiselle, vous prouver que mes vices sont des vertus. Premièrement, *l'amour*, *that* must be considered a virtue. Does it not take its origin from that lovely sex to which I am devoted, and therefore I cannot err. *Le jeu*, c'est un délassement, qui me fait oublier parfois les rigueurs de ma belle. *Le vin*, comme je ne bois jamais que du bon, c'est une preuve que j'ai un goût excellent; ce qui me paroît une vertu."

The whole party laughed at de Méry's defence, and all agreed he had made out his case extremely well. The Comtesse Corbinelli's card was then turned. It was the ace of hearts.

"What," said the fair Marie, "*one* virtue only! As we are to suppose there are some defects, I shall give you, Comtesse, the virtue that covers a multitude of sins—*charity*."

"I am obliged to you," she replied, "for the

virtue allotted me ; quoique," added she, turning to the chevalier, " la raison étoit piquante."

Mr. Monteith's card was a king, and two or three other characters were given, of little interest, until the Marquise Schomberg's card was turned up, which proved to be the deuce of spades.

" Deux défauts, chère Marquise ! est il possible ?" said Marie. " I am really puzzled to find them out. Let them be, *la caprice et la jalousie*." But your defence, if you please ; we cannot pass that over."

" I am too happy," replied the Marquise, " to find *mes défauts de caractère* so slight, and so easily defended. *Jealousy* I acknowledge, for am I not ever jealous of a good name ? *Caprice* ;—if I possess it, it is only shewn to those whose characters, on investigation, are, I find, inferior to that I originally conceived them to be."

The defence of the Marquise was much applauded. Rosa's card was then turned ; it was the eight of hearts.

“How much do I regret,” said Marie, in her sweetest manner, “that by the rules prescribed you are allowed only four virtues, otherwise, dear Rosa, with truth could I name a virtue to every number on your card. I must therefore only say, *modesty, piety, temper, and candour.*”

De Clifford’s card proved to be the ace of spades. *La fierté*, immediately exclaimed his spirited neighbour. “Votre defense, Monsieur.”

“*La fierté?* Yes,” said de Clifford, “I acknowledge myself proud at being considered the friend of Mademoiselle de St. Quentin. But think not *you* shall escape. Draw your card, and let it be *your* fate to name your own character, as a punishment for the faults you have shewn us in ours.” And, taking the pack of cards from her hand, he immediately dealt one to her. It was turned, and was the ace of clubs.

On this Marie consented to name her *défaut de caractère*, provided she might be allowed counsel to defend her, and be permitted to make choice of the person. This was granted,

and, after a short pause, she said, " Eh bien ! s'il faut le dire, j'avoue que c'est la coquetterie. Mon bon ami, c'est vous que je prends pour mon défenseur," turning to Hugh, who, apparently much gratified by the manner in which she had chosen him, replied, by addressing the company.

" Where a character is *so* faultless, can it be difficult to find an excuse for a single blemish ? Ladies and gentlemen, can it be called coquetterie in Mademoiselle de St. Quentin ? No. Fearful, by selecting *one*, she might reduce hundreds to despair, she, out of compassion to her numerous admirers, dispenses equally to *all* her smiles and her good-humour."

At this moment Prince Soblokow, who had been engaged to dine with some gentlemen, and had not been able to attend the Marquise's soirée, came in, and informed them, that, unless they chose to give up the Redoute for that evening, they must proceed thither directly, as the hour was getting late. Marie then thanked Hugh for the able defence he had made for her,

and the whole party adjourned to the rooms, where I shall leave them; as, perhaps, my readers may not be sorry to have this long account of an evening, or *thé*, at Spa concluded; and I shall reserve for another chapter the party to Monjardin.

CHAPTER VIII.

Ye powers, whom men and birds obey,
Great rulers of your creatures, say,
Why mourning comes by bliss conveyed,
And even the sweets of love allayed ?
Where grows enjoyment, tall and fair,
Around it twines entangling care ;
While fear for what our souls possess
Enervates every power to bless ;
Yet friendship forms the bliss above,
And, life ! what art thou without *love* ?

H. Brooke.

THE morning after the soirée at Madame de Schomberg, the weather was so bad, that very early all idea of the excursion to Monjardin was given up, until decided fine weather should promise an agreeable ride to the equestrian party. To those who were unacquainted with the storms so prevalent in that mountainous country, and how soon they are succeeded by sunshine, it appeared impossible the weather

would be sufficiently settled to allow them to think of attempting to go to Monjardin under some days.

The gentlemen, in despair at the incessant rain, lounged about the piazza of the Pouhon, or attended the roulette and the billiard-table; and the ladies, with the help of cloaks, caps, and umbrellas, first took the water from the renovating spring, and then whiled away the morning, (until their early dinner,) at the library.

But, when every one was preparing to return to their hotel, the clouds dispersed, and a fine clear evening sky appeared. A soft fresh air succeeded to the wind and rain of the morning, and all nature seemed revived and animated by the change. Those only who have experienced the feeling of excitement that the air and waters give to the invalid at Spa, and, indeed, those who are blessed with health are equally under its influence, can judge of the effect this happy change in the weather produced on every one. The walks were soon crowded in the evening, and on the de Cliffords meeting their friends, it

was settled that the next day the party should take place.

Marie accompanied Rosa and her brother on horseback. Miss St. Leger, Monteith, Prince Alexis, and one or two more, likewise joined them, and Lady de Clifford was destined to go with the Marquise, Mrs. St. Leger, and the Comte Corbinelli, in one of the carriages of the country, (far inferior to our commonest taxed cart;) the road being considered impassable for any other. Madame La Roche Guyon had been invited, but, as usual, she excused herself on the plea of ill health, and Lord Elmsworth's horse having fallen with him the evening before, and being obliged in consequence to keep his room, he also sent an excuse to the party, the morning they were to set off.

At last, at eleven o'clock, they were all mounted; Prince Alexis, much to the annoyance of Marie, riding by her, and devoting himself to her. De Clifford could not help shewing how much it displeased him. But Monteith felt happy at any thing that drew off

her attention from him, and allowed him to devote himself to Rosa.

Lady de Clifford and her friends, after being jumbled and shaken in a manner little expected by any of them, arrived at the ford of the river Amblève, where they found the party on horse-back waiting their arrival. Rosa's face was all smiles and happiness; for had not Monteith been ever at her side, and had it not been his duty by right, and (she had reason to believe) by choice, to take the charge of her during the day? and *that* day he appeared to have thrown aside every uncomfortable feeling, which had latterly, (with the exception of the evening at the Marquise de Schomberg's,) existed between him and Rosa. For his manners towards her, however she tried to avoid it, naturally in some degree influenced hers towards him. Both mutually felt the attraction that drew them towards each other. Rosa ventured not to call it love, while that love was not openly claimed by him who now occupied all her thoughts. She only felt she was happy, most happy; and,

shutting her eyes to the future, thought only of the present. I will not say *that* was the case with Monteith; he well knew the slippery ground he was treading, and that in his circumstances no hope brightened the prospect before him, but the uncertain one of his brother's generosity. His capricious conduct, which had so often puzzled and surprised Rosa, originated, as my readers are well aware, from principles which he ought *never* to have deviated from. But as in that case my tale would not have been written, I must allow my hero to possess a few of the weaknesses and failings of human nature, and therefore *he*, like his fair mistress, determined to be happy, and enjoy, for the short period allotted him, the sweet converse and society of the being he adored.

But though Monteith and Rosa were all delight and happiness, it was the reverse with poor Marie. In vain did she try to rally her spirits: even the spirit of coquetry was gone. She saw the man she was attached to devoted to another, inferior to herself, (as she could not

avoid feeling,) in many respects, much as she loved her ; and without even possessing, as she herself did, that first and too often *sole* attraction for elder, as well as younger brother's, *fortune*. Prince Alexis, always by her, became her aversion, and nothing but the irritable state in which de Clifford appeared to be, tempted Marie to be civil to him ; as she dreaded, from the fiery temper of both, a quarrel between them. Hugh was decidedly discontented and out of humour. He now, for the first time, remarked Monteith's attachment to his sister, and he was too well informed on the subject of love not to fear that *she* also returned it. De Méry and the Comtesse, with Sophia and Mr. Bacon, went on better together ; they took every thing, good or bad, with unruffled temper, and seemed determined to be pleased.

On the party meeting, it was deemed advisable to send the servants on to the château, to make arrangements and prepare the cold repast brought with them. Meanwhile, they agreed to proceed further up the banks of the river,

and visit the ruins of the castle of Amblève, supposed to have belonged to the famous William de la Marck, surnamed Le Sanglier des Ardennes, and immortalized by Sir Walter Scott, in his novel of *Quentin Durward*.

I will pass over the return of the party to the château de Monjardin, and the romantic site on which it is situated, and the ill humour of some of the party, and the dissatisfaction of others ; for when has an excursion of this kind, where pleasure has been the sole aim and object, terminated in the gratification and good humour of every individual in the heterogeneous mixture of persons of which a party generally consists ? The moodiness soon, however, began to dissipate, after a few bottles of champagne had circulated. The Marquis, and the Comtesse Corbinelli early proposed walking, and viewing the wild scenery of a spot which they could only slightly judge of from the window of the room they were dining in.

Monteith offering his arm to Lady de Clifford and Rosa, they attempted, with the others, the

steep descent leading to the river, that runs through the valley, which the castle overlooks. But Lady de Clifford and the Marquise, complaining of fatigue, determined to remain on the terrace above, while the others descended the rocky path.

On reaching the banks of the river, the young people seated themselves on the grass, and the Comtesse, always anxious to promote gaiety, began singing a little *aria buffa* in the Venetian patois. She then claimed a song from Marie, whose sweet and flexible voice, improved by the first Italian masters, was ever heard to advantage when she sang without an instrumental accompaniment. She immediately complied, and began one of the German melodies popular in her own country. It was given with all the taste and feeling natural to so accomplished a performer.

“It is certainly most delightfully sung,” said de Clifford, after every one had joined in expressing the pleasure they had received in hearing her. “But, notwithstanding all the

talent Mademoiselle de St. Quentin has displayed, I do, I must ever, prefer Italian music. I have resided too long in

“ Questa terra molle, lieta, è diletta,
Che simile a se l' abitator produce,”*

(on repeating these lines of Tasso, Hugh bowed to the Comtesse Corbinelli,) “ not to be enthusiastic in regard to its music, as well as its poetry. But come, Chevalier, it is but fair that *you* should now be called on to entertain the ladies. Therefore give us, I beg, ‘une romance de votre patrie, la belle France.’ ”

“ Mon ami, il faut absolument m'excuser, car je n'ai pas ce talent là—La musique et la poesie n'est pas mon metier ; je n'y entends rien. L'armée fut mon école, et Napoléon mon maître. Jugez si de telles études pouvoient convenir à un militaire.”

“ As you assure us,” replied de Clifford, “that

* That sunny, voluptuous, and delightful country which produces inhabitants like itself.

you cannot sing, we must take the word in its different signification, and I doubt not you will be able to give us a romance in prose, and entertain us by relating the adventures of some youthful beauty, and her valorous and faithful knight."

"You had much better apply to your fair neighbour, Mademoiselle de St. Quentin. She was born and educated in a country where the people perpetuate the remembrance of the marvellous stories and traditions they fancy have occurred in their dismantled castles. She, I doubt not, will be able to entertain you much better than *un vieux soldat*, who can only talk of glories past and laurels faded."

Marie was immediately pressed to relate one of those legends that were so familiar to her, which, with her usual good-humour, she accordingly did—and narrated in the following words the story of—

THE OLD WITCH OF ROCKENFELS.

“ I belong, as the Chevalier says, to a country famous for its legends and traditions. Germany, particularly the borders of the Rhine, is covered with convents and castles, now in ruins. The illustrious families that formerly resided in the latter, are either extinct, or their descendants driven from their homes, by poverty or the misfortunes of war, and have sought in other countries a happier though a less brilliant lot. This was the fate of my paternal grandmother, and it is from an old servant of her's, an excellent and worthy creature, who lived with my father until her death, that I learnt the tales, or I might call them romances, that tradition has attached to these ruined monuments of a glorious but unfortunate period of our history, when the war of the Palatinate ravaged and devastated our country. Those ruins, however, now form the most prominent and beau-

tiful feature of the country in the vicinity of the Rhine, and though I will not vouch for the truth of the story I am going to relate, yet *this*, with many others of the same kind, is firmly believed by the poor inhabitants, who live in the neighbourhood of the castles where these events have occurred, or rather are supposed to have taken place. I will now give you the story of the Witch of Rocken.*

“ In the beautiful valley of the Murg there exists a high and perpendicular piece of rock, which, rising suddenly from the earth on a spot where nothing of the kind is to be seen, gives it the appearance of something supernatural, and is considered such by the surrounding poor, from the circumstance of an old woman, who was considered as a being capable of influencing the destinies of those around her, having taken up her abode in one of the caverns which art or nature had formed in it. It was denomi-

* The following story is one well known among the natives of the valley of the Murg. The author has altered it without deviating from the principal facts that are supposed to have occurred.

nated by the inhabitants of the valley, the Rockenfels.

“ A short distance from this spot, resided le Comte d'Eberstein, in a castle from which he derived his name. An orphan niece, his heiress, named Clara, with a young man, a distant relation, resided with him. The latter was the son of a noble family who had spent the whole of their fortune in following their sovereign to the wars in Palestine, and this youth had been in consequence left friendless, and solely dependent on the bounty of the Count, who being a man of a severe, harsh, and cruel disposition, these young people dreaded him. From living constantly together, and much alone, Conrad and Clara soon became attached to each other. It was not long before the Count d'Eberstein perceived the affection that existed between them, and which they did not attempt to conceal, Clara's generous disposition delighting in the prospect of giving riches and independence to the man she loved.

“ One morning the Count taxed her with having

entered into engagements with Conrad, to which he was determined not to consent; and she must, he said, be aware that without his permission the laws of her country would not allow her to marry. She knew it to be but too true, and earnestly pleading the cause of her lover and herself, she begged and entreated with tears he would recede from his cruel determination. But, taking her to the window that overlooked the burying-ground attached to the chapel which adjoined the castle, he said to her, ‘Do you see that monument?’ ‘I do,’ answered Clara with a sigh; ‘it is the grave of my parents.’—‘You see the thistles that surround it. I have been told that the finest thread may be made from them; and,’ added he in a taunting manner, ‘whenever you produce me from them a piece of linen sufficiently large to make me *une chemise de mort*, and yourself *une chemise de nocces*, I will then, and only then, give my consent to your marrying Conrad, and until then I forbid you seeing him any more.’

Poor Clara was in despair. She knew it was impossible to comply with his wishes, and that all hope of being happy, and making her lover independent, was for ever gone. One day, that she was praying and lamenting herself by her parents' grave, the old woman from Rocken passed by, and seeing her in this unhappy state, asked her what was the matter. The witch of Rockenfels (for so she was called) was known to do always a good turn to those who deserved it, and often, when she spent the evening with the poor cottagers, telling them surprizing and wonderful stories, it had been remarked that the distaff emptied itself sooner, and the thread was finer than usual. This being attributed to the company of the old woman, ever made her welcomed and beloved by her neighbours. Clara, therefore, ventured to tell her her unhappy story. When she had concluded, the old witch replied, 'My child, do not make yourself unhappy. We will see what can be done for you ; have patience, and hope for relief, and daily pray for it.' Then

tearing up by the roots all the thistles that surrounded the monument, she put them into her apron, and carried them off.

“ A short time afterwards, the Count d'Eberstein was hunting in a wood close to the valley of the Murg, and, in pursuit of a hare, passed close to Le Rocken. At the entrance of the cavern was seated the witch, spinning and turning her spindle with great velocity. ‘ Good day to you, good woman,’ said the Count jokingly ; ‘ you seem to be working very hard ; is it your *chemise de nocces* ?’ ‘ *Chemise de nocces ! Chemise de mort !*’ muttered, in a low sepulchral voice, the witch.—‘ It is beautiful flax,’ continued the Count ; ‘ I suspect you have stolen it from me.’—‘ No, no,’ replied the witch, shaking her head emphatically, and casting an ‘ evil eye’ upon him, it is made from the thistles that grew round your brother’s grave. Beware ! Beware !’

“ At this answer, Count Eberstein felt alarmed, although he scarcely knew why. He returned home, and felt inclined to comply with Clara’s wishes ;—then, again, he determined, even supposing she fulfilled the promised

conditions, never to allow her to marry the impoverished Conrad.

“ In the mean-time, the days passed by, without his coming to any determination on the subject. He was afraid to say *no*, and unwilling to say *yes*. ’ One afternoon Clara knocked at his door, and begged to be allowed to see him. On entering his apartment, she said, ‘ My dear uncle, I have performed the conditions on which you promised to consent to my marriage with Conrad. Here are two beautiful *chemises*, of the finest linen, made from the thistles taken from the grave of my parents ; one is for you, the other is for me. Surprised and alarmed, the Count answered, ‘ I gave you my word, and I will keep it. In two days your marriage shall take place—you may prepare for it.’

“ From this moment he was in a constant state of terror and apprehension of danger. His superstitious mind dreaded what might occur. On the following day he took to his bed, and every hour became weaker. He still promised Clara to lead her to the altar ; but it appeared

as if an invisible hand directed every thing ; for on the day of his niece's marriage he was at the point of death, and on the same hour that united Clara to Conrad, Count Eberstein expired, and the *chemise de mort* served him as a winding sheet, as foretold by the old witch of Rockenfels."

All the party, who had surrounded Marie, were so deeply interested in the tale, (which probably, as told by her, proved more agreeable than it will be when read by my readers,) that they were not aware of the heavy dew that was falling, and a thick fog that was apparently coming on, till, after thanking Marie for her kind exertions to entertain them, the comtesse putting her hand on the grass, on which they were seated, declared it was quite wet from the dew, and that they had better return. On reaching the top of the precipitous rock, on which the chateau de Monjardin is placed, they found that Mr. St. Leger had ordered preparations to be

made for their return, and that the horses had been sent for.

Every thing being ready, they set out. As the fog was increasing every moment, all were anxious to return, and many became alarmed from the badness of the road, which in many places was trackless. As the horse-road was not much better, they decided to return together. De Clifford, from what he had witnessed of Monteith's attentions to Rosa during the day, determined to take charge of his sister. He accordingly requested Monteith to take his place by Marie, and accounted for the change by mentioning Lady de Clifford's fears for her daughter, and his wish, in consequence, to take care of her himself. This was equally disagreeable to the lovers, for such I must now call them. Rosa bore the disappointment better than Monteith, who, after seeing her seated on her poney, said, with a smile, though a look of displeasure accompanied it, " This happy day my rights, as your knight, ought not to have been invaded. If it had not been for your

brother and your mother's fears, Miss de Clifford, I should certainly have appealed to Madame de Schomberg, and have claimed the privilege of attending you."

He was now called to a less pleasing duty, that of riding with Mademoiselle de St. Quentin, who, determined if possible to disgust Prince Soblokow, shewed him every possible neglect by devoting the whole of her conversation to Monteith. At last, after surmounting many difficulties, and actual dangers to those who were so unlucky as to belong to the party in the carriage, fatigued, depressed, hungry, and dissatisfied, they reached Spa, and poor Lady de Clifford determined in her own mind never again to seek pleasure, if it was to be purchased at so dear a rate.

I must, however, except one or two from the discontented set. Mrs. St. Leger's keen eye had perceived the attentions shewn to her daughter by Mr. Bacon, and, on retiring for the night, she thus addressed her husband:—

"My dear, I really think I begin to see a

growing *tendresse* between Sophia and Mr. Bacon. Do tell me, if *you* have not remarked it? and indeed," continued she, without waiting for an answer, "it would be a desirable thing, for though he has no title, yet he is the eldest son of a baronet, and that, you know, my love, is the first step on the ladder. Therefore, if Sophia liked him, I should have no objection, as I am sure his father's fortune would allow him to make a good settlement on our daughter."

"My dear," replied her husband, "you are reckoning your chickens before they are hatched, and may perhaps lose your Bacon. At any rate, like you, I should have no objection to my chicken being mated with Bacon. Egad, if it were not for my friend and his name, I know not what I should do in this stupid place, for every body is so precise, so clever, and so sensible, that I really have not an opportunity of making a pun."

"I think, my love," resumed the provident mother, following up the subject, "we should,

therefore, bring them together as much as possible, and encourage their meeting frequently; for who knows what *may* happen? But, pray, Mr. St. Leger, oblige me by not making any of your *foolish* remarks on them, or you will certainly make the young man fly off, as you did once before at Paris."

"My dear," answered Mr. St. Leger, "if you call my remarks *foolish*, I shall certainly make them to provoke you. You had better, therefore, not make *those* remarks yourself, as I certainly shall do what I like." And, with this conjugal hint, Mrs. St. Leger was obliged to be satisfied. But she knew her husband sufficiently well to be certain he would take her advice, and, giving herself up to the happy castle-building of a mother on those occasions, and with favors, trousseau, bride-cake, &c. floating in her mind, she fell asleep.

I give this as a specimen of matrimonial conversation, as it may prove amusing to those who are yet unfettered by Hymen. *The* married do not probably require any information

on the subject, as most likely *they* have often been a party in conversations of the same description, when *my dears* and *my loves* have been mutually exchanged between the apparently loving couple, though, at that moment, not one kindly feeling existed between them. This was not, however, the case with Mr. and Mrs. St. Leger, who really were happy, and attached to each other.

“Rosa,” said de Clifford, on entering the breakfast-room, the next morning, “I shall not have you ride to-day.” Rosa thought his manner less friendly than usual; but, as she wished to keep quiet for the ball in the evening, which Madame de Schomberg had made a point of their all attending, and as she also felt the beginning of a cold, which she was unwilling to mention, she was not sorry to stay at home.

On her leaving the room, de Clifford took a seat by his mother. “I know, my dear Madam,” he said, “you will smile at the preface I am going to make to what is to follow; as you do

not, perhaps, consider me sufficiently steady to act in the character of a guardian. But, during my father's absence, I feel myself in some degree placed in that situation in regard to Rosa ; and I think it right to tell you what my surmises are."

" Dear Hugh !" exclaimed Lady de Clifford, " do not frighten me by such a preface ; but tell me at once what it is."

" Why, I believe we have both been mistaken in regard to the person that my sister is inclined to like. It is not Elmsworth, but it is, I much fear, Monteith. I say fear, from the knowledge that his fortune does not allow him to think of matrimony ; not on account of any objection I find in him, for I have the highest opinion of his principles and honor, and of his talents and personal merit. I fear we have too long allowed Rosa to feel their influence. For wherever Monteith seeks to please, and more particularly your sex, I believe few, who have a disengaged heart, could resist him. He is, fortunately, soon to leave Spa ; but, under all

circumstances, I thought it better to tell you my suspicions from what I observed yesterday—for Rosa has been a sly puss, and has managed to conceal her sentiments very cleverly!”—On seeing Lady de Clifford appear vexed, he added, “ Pray let me, however, do justice to Monteith. I am convinced he has too much honor to attempt engaging my sister’s affections, and I have little doubt, that, aware of the state of his heart, he went to Aix-la-Chapelle to avoid her, and there, I will own, I most sincerely wish he had staid.”

“ You have really surprised me,” replied Lady de Clifford, “ and I feel obliged to you, my dear Hugh, for not allowing me to remain blind to what must certainly be injurious to Rosa in every way, at the same time that her happiness for many months may be endangered by an intimacy which, if possible, I shall prevent extending any further.”

“ For that reason,” said Hugh, “ I prevented her riding this morning, as I had engaged myself to go with Elmsworth and Monteith, if

the former was sufficiently recovered, which I understand he is."

"I cannot think," said Lady de Clifford, apparently musing on what she had just heard, "that Rosa feels any thing more for Mr. Monteith than she does for Lord Elmsworth."

"I fancied so, but am now certain I was mistaken. Do you not think," continued Hugh, "it would be advantageous if you were to name the subject to her, and expose the folly of allowing herself to encourage sentiments that are, and must continue to be, fallacious? How often, my dear Madam, have you, in the early part of my life, guided the self-willed and opinionated boy, by doing what I now recommend may be done to my sister! I recollect all the advantages I derived from the advice of my kind monitress.—How much more deeply must *a mother's* counsel and instruction be felt by a child like Rosa."

As he finished speaking, de Clifford rose, and turned away from Lady de Clifford. After a short silence, he added, trying by a smile to get

rid of the sensation that oppressed him, " I must now be off, as I wish to call on Marie, and enquire how she is after the fatigues of yesterday ; so I will leave you to ruminate on what I have been saying."

How generally do you remark, that a blessing of which we have been deprived, and of which we see others in the enjoyment, is more deeply regretted, and its value in consequence enhanced, while those who possess it are far from holding it in the same estimation. So it was with Hugh. The name of mother often roused his quick and irritable feelings in various ways. When he observed Lady de Clifford's affectionate anxiety and watchful tenderness for her children, his morbid sensibility was awakened, and, with a bitterness almost approaching to envy, he keenly felt the deprivation of a mother's love, of which the conduct of his unnatural parent had bereaved him. In society, if any one alluded to the misconduct and subsequent divorce of the mother of a family, his hurried manner and flushed cheek betrayed

feelings the sensibility of which time did not appear to deaden.

On Hugh quitting Lady de Clifford, she determined, before she said any thing to Rosa, to watch minutely her manners and conduct to Monteith. She considered that the ball that evening would probably give her opportunities of observing her, and she resolved that, if her observations coincided with de Clifford's surmises, she would avoid engaging in any party which would bring them together, and cause them to meet on a more intimate footing than was desirable. On Hugh's return from his ride, he entered the sitting-room, and with his usual good-humour addressed his sister.

"Rosa, I am a convert to your opinion, and am half inclined to own I have judged wrong." On seeing her look surprised, "You will say, perhaps, it is the first time you have ever heard me acknowledge that I have done so. But so it is. I have been introduced to your beauty of the Tuileries, have been walk-

ing and talking with her for an hour, and am returned over head and ears in love."

"Pray tell me how you managed the introduction," said Rosa; "but I doubt that you are as far gone as you express yourself, or you would not speak so openly on the subject."

"What," exclaimed Hugh, "are you, young lady, already become so well informed on that subject? Take care (as I once told you) that I do not bring you to confession, as you did me the other day at the Temple."

Rosa coloured up to the eyes, in a way equally distressing to herself and her brother, who, to avoid making her feel uncomfortable, appeared not to notice it, but answered her question.

"To own the truth, I got acquainted with her by a little manœuvring, which, if our good mother was here, I should be ashamed of acknowledging, after the lecture she once gave me on that subject. Elmsworth, Monteith, and I, were riding by the Geronstère Spa, when I saw the identical green carriage which had be-

fore attracted my notice. Finding Elmsworth acquainted with Lady Elphinstone, I proposed, as we had nothing better to do, to leave our horses and walk in the grounds. This we did, and, seated on one of the benches, we discovered *la belle Ecossaise, et sa laide tante*. They spoke to Elmsworth; and, on meeting them again in the great walk, we joined them, and were introduced. The name of Monteith was a sufficient introduction to a Scotchwoman, and *he* was graciously received by the old lady. I was satisfied with the conversation of the young one, and kept close to her, and animated her fine and beautiful features by talking of her father, and his former intimacy and friendship with my family. Upon the whole, I have passed a delightful morning, and was glad to find I shall meet her at the ball to night. By the bye, have you heard any thing of Marie? I called, but was not admitted. Her father I have just seen, and he tells me she has caught a bad cold, and is so unwell that their Esculapius will not allow her to go out to night, and that

the old fool is dosing her with *des calmantes*, as he calls them."

"I had a little note from her," replied Rosa, "telling me her mother is ordered for a week to Aix-la-Chapelle, and that she is forbid to accompany her, from a cold and pain in her chest and side, which *she* says is nothing, and that she is determined not to nurse it."

"She is quite right," replied de Clifford. "I dare say it is all a fudge of the old doctor, and he only wants to keep her here to have her as a patient. I am sorry, however, we shall not have her at the ball; she will be a great loss to us both."

In the evening, Lady de Clifford went to the redoute later than usual, not intending to stay long. Rosa immediately discovered her brother dancing with Lady Emma Fairfax. The warmth of the room, the exercise, and perhaps the evident admiration of her handsome partner, all contributed to heighten a complexion where illness had caused the lily to predominate. On her fine and elegant features you might easily

perceive the expression of an amiable mind, and a heart which no warm emotion had as yet animated. And on a countenance which might have served as a model for candour and innocence you could also trace that happy calm which only the absence of all exciting passions can give, and which shews the heart to be free and pure from their contaminating influence. She looked extremely handsome, and de Clifford had no reason *now* to complain of her having any resemblance to a statue. Rosa, as she passed her brother in the quadrille going up the room, said, looking rather slyly at him, "Do you really think your fair partner handsome, or are you inclined to return again to your former opinion?"

"Tell me not of former opinions," he replied, in his enthusiastic manner, "I retract them all, for she is most lovely."

After the quadrille was over, de Clifford took an opportunity of introducing to his mother and sister his new acquaintance, Lady Emma, as the daughter of an old friend. Lady de Clifford

received her with the warmth of feeling natural on such an occasion, and both she and Rosa were much pleased with her ; her aunt, however, did not improve on acquaintance, her style and manner being haughty and repulsive.

“ I cannot,” remarked Rosa to Lord Elmsworth, with whom she was dancing, “ bring myself to think Lady Elphinstone and her sweet niece are related, they are so perfectly different in manners and person.”

“ Fortunately so in the latter for Lady Emma,” said Lord Elmsworth, “ for it would, indeed, have been a horrid bore had she resembled her aunt. Did you ever see such a nose ? It is quite a colossal feature, even in her high-cheeked bony Scotch countenance. I am glad,” added he, laughing, and looking round, “ Monteith does not overhear me ; or I should have a pistol-bullet through my head before to-morrow morning, for thus reflecting on his country-women. But pray where is la belle Marie, as your brother calls her ? By the bye, I think she might present him with the

same *bouquet* she gave de Méry the other day ; for he appears inclined to be rather *infidèle* to-night, and has deserted his old love."

"No one in my opinion could be inconstant to Marie," said Rosa, "for it is impossible to be more amiable, and in talents and agreeableness I know no one who excels her. What would our parties be without her? She forms *le point de réunion*, and draws us all around her."

"But where is she? and why is she not here to night? as I should have thought a ball too attractive for her to be a seceder from it." Rosa then informed him of the reason that prevented her joining the party.

At the end of the quadrille Lord Elmsworth led Rosa back to her mother, and seated himself by her. A great many of the young ladies were walking up and down the room with their partners, waiting the beginning of the waltz, which was to follow the quadrille.

"Do you know, Miss de Clifford," said Elmsworth, "what we men say of young ladies

who thus parade up and down a ball-room after dancing?" Rosa looked the negative. "We call it," he continued, "cooling between the heats. I must say, I think it very bad taste in those who do it, and I admire you too much not to feel glad that *you* are not one of them."

Rosa smiled at the manner in which he paid her the compliment, and said, "she was glad he thought her so well behaved."

Monteith, who had been dancing with Lady Emma, passed at this moment, and seeing Rosa, he came up to engage her for the next set.

"What do you say of the new beauty that has appeared in our hemisphere?" asked Lord Elmsworth of Monteith.

"I should really not know her for the same person I saw two months ago in the Tuileries; so much does health improve beauty; though, by all accounts, mental anxiety and sorrow for the loss of her mother were added to ill-health. But time, which is the best remedy, has proved his efficacy in this instance. De

Clifford appears quite struck by her, and it is fortunate Mademoiselle de St. Quentin is not here to witness the defection of her knight."

"*You* know full well," returned Elmsworth, laying a stress on the word *you*, "she would be very indifferent on the subject, except that the loss of an admirer must always prove a deep blow to a coquette like Mademoiselle de St. Quentin, as it is in their nature never to be satisfied without a plurality of lovers. Prince Soblokow, however, seems to be a most determined one, for he is alike indifferent to her scorn and ill-treatment. I suppose he has an eye to her money bags, to help to prop up the towers of his old castle, which is, I understand, not a little out of repair. But, upon my word, I think I am growing like my good friend Mrs. St. Leger, who never opens her mouth but to talk of what Mr. A said to Miss B, and what Miss C thought of Mr. D. Bad company, they say, corrupts good manners. No bad compliment to myself, you are perhaps inclined to think," on seeing Rosa smile at the remark of

the volatile good-natured peer. "But the waltz is begun, and I must seek my partner."

Monteith appeared too happy to occupy the vacant seat, to think of joining the waltzers. "May I venture?" he said, looking at Rosa. "Certainly," was the answer; "although your knightship expired last night, I do not imagine, (unless it is your wish,) that, now your duties are ended, you are forbidden to speak to me."

"I was too happy yesterday," he replied. "Such a day is not likely to occur again, I fear."

"It really was," said Rosa, unwilling to understand his allusion, "a most agreeable one, and how pleasing and charming Mademoiselle de St. Quentin was! I sometimes think, Mr. Monteith, you, as well as Lord Elmsworth, do not give her credit for the inestimable qualities she possesses."

"Indeed I do, and begin to think that the first opinions we form of people are often erroneous ones. But if *I* acknowledge so much, *you* must also allow that your friend is much im-

proved ; and do not think it a compliment when I add, I attribute it, in a great measure, to her living so much with you and Lady de Clifford, and away from the influence of her worldly minded, selfish, vain mother."

" Pray give the merit where it is due. My brother's friendship for her has done, what I feel, would not have been in my power to do, both from my youth, and my conviction that I had no right to find fault with one so superior to myself, and with whom I am so lately acquainted. It is by living with Marie you discover her amiable qualities, and her sweet manners endear and attach you still more to her."

" How delightful it is to hear you thus praise your friend ! And it shews how superior you are to most of your sex ; a superiority of which I am, I fear, for my own happiness, but too sensible."

" Monteith, will you be my vis-a-vis," said de Clifford, passing with Miss St. Leger under his arm. " I have just lost mine, who has jilted

me ; and if you and Rosa intend dancing, you must join the quadrille and follow us.”

The tone, (not the words,) in which this was said was not pleasing ; and Monteith, thus compelled, offered his arm to Rosa, who, half sorry, half glad at the interruption, followed her brother ; for she had remarked several times the difficulty Monteith appeared to have to keep his feelings under control, and that he only recovered himself by an effort perceptible to *her*, who in some degree shared them.

Lady de Clifford, as soon as the dance ended, left the ball-room, and returned to her hotel with her daughter ; far from satisfied with the remarks she had made in the course of the evening, but still uncertain what plan to pursue. Many anxious hours were passed by this excellent mother, ere sleep closed her eyes in forgetfulness. For, although she did not think as seriously on the subject as de Clifford appeared to do, yet she felt the necessity of making Rosa aware, and impressing on her mind, that any intimacy with Monteith, that

might lead to a warmer feeling than friendship, ought not to be encouraged by her, and still less by her parents.

Ah ! could our children know the solicitude, the anxieties, the hours of watchfulness, they cause a mother from childhood to youth and womanhood ! (For every “stage of life” has peculiar cares, which never is a mother exempt from.) And how little is the object aware of, and I may add sufficiently grateful for, them !

It is only when we quit our paternal roof, claimed by the husband of our choice, and nature calls forth in us the same feelings, that we *learn*, from the anxious tenderness we endure for own offspring, how much we undervalued, and how lightly we estimated the attentions and cares of a fond, zealous, and affectionate parent. It is *then* that our thoughts fly to the mother whose love we so little appreciated, and perhaps neglected. It is *then* we feel, that if there is *one* blessing given beyond all others in this world, and a thousand times dearer than all the pleasures and happiness of

life, it is that of possessing a mother. But, too late, perhaps, this sad truth is learnt, and the heart that in fondest maternal love beat only for us, may probably have ceased to inhabit its frail tenement, and is awaiting its recall to life and immortality in a pure world.

CHAPTER IX.

Ah me ! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear, by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth ;
But either it was different in blood,
Or else misgrafted in respect of years ;
Or else it stood upon the choice of friends ;
Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, and sickness, did lay siege to it.

Shakspeare.

MY story obliges me to bring my readers back to the events passing in England, and though the occurrences of the last week may have made them forget the short space of time in which they passed, I must remind them that it was only on the Sunday preceding that which followed the ball described in my last chapter, that de Clifford had written to Mr. Henessey's clerk at Bruxelles.

On the Sunday I am mentioning, Hugh, with a head and heart full of his fair partner of the night before, found two letters on the breakfast-table, which Rosa's increasing cold, and his mother's sleepless night, had made a solitary one that morning. A letter from his father attracted his notice; but the other from the banker, as being the shortest, he opened first. In that he was informed, that the letter he stated to have been left in charge of his laquais de place at Bruxelles, had never been delivered at Mr. Danoot's banking-house; that, on inquiring for it at the Hôtel de Bellevue, it had after some difficulty been recovered; that as Mr. Henessey was now on his return, and expected daily, it had not been forwarded; but that an answer should be sent as soon as possible.

De Clifford at this moment felt no regret at a delay which, a few days before, would have provoked and irritated him. Though not positively (as he called it) over head and ears in love with Lady Emma Fairfax, he was on the

verge of it, and her society was too pleasing to him to wish any thing to occur that might oblige him to leave Spa. He, therefore, carelessly threw down the letter, perfectly indifferent to the return of Mr. Henessey, and, perhaps, inwardly wishing his absence might be prolonged. His father's letter he then opened. It was a long one, and began by informing his son, that he hoped to ascertain in a few days every thing relative to the Mrs. Ellice, whose direction and history he had forwarded to him; Lord Glanmore having written to a solicitor, with whom he was intimately connected, (from his having the agency of one of his estates in that neighbourhood,) to make every inquiry about her, and learn, if possible, her connections. He then, as follows, mentioned Lord Trelawney's health :

“ I have no idea (for in his state I will not say hope) that he can last much longer. His physician is of the same opinion; and from his dreadful state of irritability, both bodily and mental, it is doubtful whether a second paraly-

tic attack may not happily release him from a life to which he still appears to cling more closely as his health and strength decline. You will believe I shall not regret the moment that releases me from an attendance so irksome, and, as soon as possible, I shall rejoin my beloved family, and relieve you from your guardianship, though, I fear, in case of your grandfather's immediate decease, I must still be detained a week or ten days for the funeral. I have hopes, that among his papers I may find some, (for I understand I am left sole executor,) that may throw a light on his daughter's place of residence. Griffiths, his old and attached valet, assures me he is certain that he once received letters from Lady Ellis, (whose writing he was acquainted with.) It was a large packet, and bore the London post-mark. On receiving it, he looked at the hand-writing, and threw it unopened, into a chest, where he puts letters that require no answer. Of this chest he keeps the key. Griffiths appears to think he forgot the packet, and that it has remained unopened.

This occurred during the late Lady Trelawney's life, but the year he has forgotten. I have written for a copy of her uncle's will, of whose name, strange to say, I am ignorant; but through Lord Trelawney's solicitor, to whom I have written, I expect to learn it.

“ I acknowledge, my dear Hugh, that I have been negligent of your interests in the whole of this business. I ought to have looked forward to the possibility of what has occurred. But who would have conjectured that this unfortunate old man would have died childless, when, little more than a year since, he had two fine boys to inherit his title and property? Feeling, therefore, that you never could have a claim on them, and every thing that related or referred to your erring mother being, as you can well imagine, most unpleasant to me, I ever drove from my mind and recollection a subject so painful.

“ I really know not what I should have done in this melancholy abode, but for Glanmore and his son, whose attentions have been unremitting; the latter is a charming young man, and is just

appointed first lieutenant of a frigate, as he is too fond of his profession to give it up, which his father was anxious he should. I know no family I should like to be connected with so much; and, if Rosa were a little older, should not regret if it were to take place through her."

On reading this part of his father's letter, Hugh stopped for a few seconds. "Why not through the son as well as the daughter?" was the thought that quickly shot across his mind. Lord de Clifford then mentioned the intention of Lord Glanmore to join his family at Spa, and desired Lady de Clifford to take the first opportunity of being introduced to the daughter of her old friend.

When he had concluded his father's letter, de Clifford's thoughts appeared to be deeply occupied. Whatever might be the subject of them, it certainly decided his attending church, (the service being generally read by some clergyman at Spa in a room hired for the purpose;) and on his return he was seen to join in their walk Lady Elphinstone and her lovely niece.

Rosa's cold confined her entirely to the house. Marie, though infinitely worse than her friend, laughed with de Clifford at her doctor's prescriptions, refused to take them, rode, drank the waters as usual, went to the different parties she was invited to, and walked home from them at night. But though Rosa was a prisoner, by her mother's desire, she enjoyed the society of her friends, even more than if she had been allowed to go out. Marie constantly passed the best part of the morning with her, and every day she learnt more and more to value and to love her, particularly when compared to the conceited and affected Sophia St. Leger, who, finding it was the fashion to visit Rosa, occasionally brought her work and sat with her; for she was one of those indefatigable young ladies, who knit purses that are no longer worn, make garters, when elastic ones are preferred, and spoil their eyes with bead-work, which is purchased cheaper and better made in the shops. Not, when I say this, that I wish it to be understood, that I despise attempts of that

kind ; far from it—knowledge is, and must be progressive, and often have I seen the first efforts of a girl, in work or painting, shew decided talent, however inferior it might be ; and the hand that shaped and first painted a paper-case for thread and silk, has eventually made drawings that would not have disgraced a first-rate master. It is *the mind* I find fault with ; a mind that, satisfied with its mediocrity and puerile pursuits, never seeks to soar higher. This was the case with Sophia St. Leger, whose society was most uninteresting, she having little to say, and repeating indifferently what she heard said by others. How unlike the animated conversation of Mademoiselle de St. Quentin, full of wit, sense, and quickness, of which the charms were increased by a highly-cultivated mind, a melodious voice, and a flow of language that few possessed !

In her youth
There is a prone and speechless dialect,
Such as moves men ; beside, she hath a prosperous art,
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

Measure for Measure.

Her father had taken the greatest pains in her education ; and though, perhaps, those of another faith might perceive a little degree of bigotry and superstition ; yet it was not more than, perhaps, a good Catholic ought to feel, who sincerely practised religious duties.

Rosa evidently perceived that Marie was far from happy, and was certainly very unwell. Her spirits were forced, and very different from what they had been. After encouraging in some degree the attentions of Prince Alexis, she now openly expressed her dislike of him, and abused his country, and his person, although her father, mother, and friends, all encouraged his attentions in a most decided manner.

Since the conversation that had passed at Bruxelles between her and Rosa, on the subject of Monteith, she had never referred to it again. One morning that they happened to be alone, Sophia and the Comtesse Corbinelli being engaged elsewhere, Marie, after laughing at *les petits soins*, as she called them, shewn by de

Méry to the comtesse, said, with a smile that ill corresponded with the feelings of the heart, “Ma douce amie, are you still of the same opinion as you were at Bruxelles? Vos sentimens sont ils toujours aussi froids envers Monsieur Monteith qu’ils étoient alors?”

Rosa’s fair cheek betrayed her thoughts, and made it almost unnecessary to answer a question so distressing to her. For a few minutes she was silent; and then, (keeping her eyes down at her work, from whence she had never dared to raise them,) she said, in reply to Marie’s question; “The more I know of Mr. Monteith, the more, I will own, I like him, and certainly must acknowledge he shews me a more decided preference, at times, (for it is only occasionally,) than when we last conversed about him. But, dear Marie, I must still repeat what I said then, that he never has expressed sentiments warmer for me than friendship. How, then, can I believe that love exists on his side?”

“But what is it on yours, chère Rose? Give it what name *you* please, in *my* vocabulary it is

called love. Acknowledge it, then, to a friend, who, whatever may be and have been her sentiments for Mr. Monteith, has, I hope, too much good sense, and let me add too much pride, ever to allow her heart to get the better of her reason and judgment."

" Oh, Marie !" exclaimed Rosa, " why will you thus force me to consider the friendship I certainly feel for Mr. Monteith as being wrong? For if it were love, do I not know it would be discouraged by my parents. Make me not, therefore, wretched by telling me what I must not think of."

" Believe me, dear Rosa, that is not my wish. But deceive not yourself. Think not that, situated as you and Mr. Monteith are, friendship can or will exist between you. Je suis plus âgée que vous ; est il, donc, étonnant que je m'y connois mieux ?"

" But why not between *us*, as well as between you and my brother ?" inquired Rosa, thus trying to retaliate on her friend, whose conduct with Hugh had probably been partly the cause

of the delusion under which Rosa had so long concealed her sentiments even from herself.

“ For the best reason in the world,” replied Marie. “ When your brother and I became acquainted with each other, neither of us had disengaged hearts; of that *I* was fully aware, as far as *he* was concerned. Your brother’s talents and conversation were agreeable to me, mine so to him. His partiality to me gratified my ruling passion, *vanity*; for to you, dear Rosa, I will allow I am vain. Our society was, therefore, mutually pleasing to each other, and we became friends to the fullest extent of the word. Ce n’étoit pas une affaire de cœur; l’amour n’y entroit pour rien, et ne fut jamais même le sujet de nos entretiens. But, Rosa, can you say of Mr. Monteith what I do of your brother, with the same dispassioned feeling? Ah, no! mon amie, you cannot, and dare not say it; your tell-tale looks alone contradict the words you vainly try to utter. But I perceive the subject is distressing to you, and I will say no more. Let us talk of your brother. Shall I

let you into a secret? I foresee *he* will soon acknowledge himself *un amoureux*, though his fair sister is so difficult to be brought to confession."

"Recollect," replied Rosa, faintly smiling, "confession does not belong to my faith. But you surprise me, though I suspect I know to whom you allude. Is it not Lady Emma Fairfax?"

"La même; la belle nièce de cette Miladi Elphinstone, dont la politesse glaciale refroidit tous ceux à qui elle adresse la parole. Elle est vraiment d'un assemblage original, et possède une faculté loquace qui est absolument étonnante. Sa nièce, cependant, a une figure et des traits superbes; mais il lui manque cette joie vive et franche que j'admire en vous, et qui est l'apanage d'un caractère tel que le vôtre."

"I suspect you are a little jealous, Marie."

"Non du tout, chère amie; je vous dis ce que je pense, avec ma franchise ordinaire. Je la trouve belle, parfaitement belle. Je pourrois même dire, que Miladi Emma est un véritable

chef-d'œuvre sous le rapport de la grâce et de l'élégance ; mais j'avoue qu'elle a un air de tristesse qui ne me plait pas."

" But she has lately lost her mother, to whom she was devotedly attached, and has only lately thrown off her mourning."

" Ah ! la pauvre enfant ! quelle perte ! que je la plains !" said Marie, with a voice and manner that shewed how truly her feelings corresponded with her words.

" But, pray, tell me," resumed Rosa, " how *you* came to suspect that Hugh admired her ; for I do not think he has seen Lady Emma more than twice since his introduction to her."

" Perhaps," replied Marie, looking significantly at her friend, " I am in the confidence of the brother, although the sister refuses it to me, and probably know a great deal more than she does. But I will, however, tell you this, your brother, since his acquaintance with Lady Emma, has discovered that the Pouhon waters disagree with him, and has fancied the Geronstère Spa would agree better with what he calls

a *maladie de poitrine*, but which, I tell him is nothing more nor less than a *maladie de cœur*. For this he finds a sovereign remedy in the society of Lady Emma, whom, with her *laide tante*, he meets twice a day at the Geronstère. But, badinage a part," continued Marie, "do you not think it would be a happy thing for both parties, if they were to like each other; for with them there would be no drawback," she added with a sigh, "either in religion, country, or class, *car tous les deux sont nobles?*"

"I agree with you, dear Marie, that there could be no objection. But, still, it appears so short a time since Hugh has known her that I cannot fancy him so deeply in love as you do."

"Nous verrons, nous verrons!" replied Marie, nodding her head expressively. "Mais il faut que je vous dise adieu. Le temps est un peu sombre. Nonobstant, je compte m'exposer à braver une averse, et monter à cheval avec le chevalier et Madame La Comtesse."

With these words she kissed her friend affectionately, and left her.

After Marie's departure, Rosa remained seated at her work-table, with her head resting on her hand, and plunged in the gloomy reflections that the conversation about Monteith had called forth. Too late, she discovered that all her friend had said was true, and that the interest she felt for him far surpassed that of friendship. She had, however, the gratification (and she felt it to be one) of knowing it was returned, and that, had fortune made him independent, his expressions to her would no longer be as equivocal and ambiguous as they now were. In this delirium, if I may be allowed so to express it, of joy and sorrow, she remained until her mother returned from drinking the waters. She had scarcely entered the room when a knock was heard at the door. Rosa knew it to be Monteith's, and so it appeared did Lady de Clifford; for she immediately opened the drawing-room door, and desired the servant to deny her.

Rosa went to the window and watched his retreating steps, forgetting that her mother was in the room and observing her. Her eyes

remained fixed on vacancy, towards the corner of the street which she had seen him turn.

“ Rosa !” said her mother ; but the parent’s voice remained unheeded.

“ Rosa ! my dear girl, what are you thinking of ?”

“ Thinking of ?” replied Rosa, starting. “ Of nothing, mamma.”

“ Nothing, my love, is in my opinion a comprehensive word, when used as it now is, although generally not considered so. It is a chaos of the imagination, if I may so denominate it, which I regret to see my child allows her thoughts to fall into. Cannot you give me a better reason for the absence of mind that appears to influence your actions at this moment ?”

“ None that would interest you, my dear mother,” replied Rosa, looking down.

“ I am not quite certain of that,” answered Lady de Clifford. “ But, however, dear Rosa, come and sit down by me, for *I* have something to say to *you*.”

Rosa immediately seated herself by her

mother on the sofa, unconscious of what was to follow.

“ I will not conceal from you, my dear child,” she continued, “ that I have lately perceived, (and I acknowledge with regret,) that Mr. Monteith appears to show you a preference, which you must be sensible ought not to be encouraged, as you are aware, for he has never attempted to conceal that his poverty does not allow him to marry. Your short acquaintance with him has, I hope, precluded all possibility of your peace of mind being endangered by his society, and the attentions he has latterly shewn you.”

Rosa’s head dropped on her mother’s shoulder, which concealed but indifferently the tears that streamed down her cheeks, and wetted Lady de Clifford’s dress.

“ Rosa, my love, why this agony of tears ? what do you not make me fear and apprehend ! Has, then, my child ceased to place confidence in her parent ?”

“ Oh no, no, my dear, dear mother ; never can I have confidence in any one but yourself !”

“ Then tell me why you are thus agitated ?” Rosa was silent. “ Your silence, my beloved child, but too clearly proves you have seen too much of one whom I acknowledge to be most amiable, and I fear too pleasing to be constantly in the society of a girl of your age, without creating an interest which cannot tend to promote your happiness. Conquer, then, my beloved girl, a weakness that cannot be permitted. And believe me, dearest Rosa, I have only your welfare and happiness at heart in thus shewing you, ere it is too late, the evils that must follow this unfortunate attachment, if it is allowed to be encouraged.”

“ Unfortunate !” exclaimed Rosa. “ Oh no, surely not unfortunate !”

“ Yes, I consider it as such ; for neither you nor Monteith have fortune enough to allow you to marry any one that does not possess a sufficiency of that worldly dross. I feel assured, therefore, that, with a mind so well regulated as yours, all the hopes and wishes you have lately I fear so fondly nurtured, will be successfully combated

and discouraged; for, situated as you are, love should be a virtue, not a passion."

"A virtue, my dear mother! How can your powerful eloquence convince me of the capability of such a thing?"

"My reasoning would easily convince you, dear Rosa, if your feelings allowed you to know what reason is; and I still hope that, when I explain what you now appear to think my theory, you will acknowledge its practicality. We may refine on all our feelings, and why not on love, as well as on others? Thus by conquering a passion which you are aware is detrimental to the object of it, love becomes a virtue. We all know its greatest charm is novelty. As a passion, therefore, it will and must from its nature decay. I would, therefore, make it a sentiment. Not that I consider cold esteem as sufficient to form a happy marriage. Thus, though I appear to reprobate love as an all-absorbing passion, it does not follow that I approve of an union where no feeling of affection exists. Think me not unkind,

my dearest child, in thus probing your feelings ; for, believe me, you have all a mother's sympathy. Let me, however, see you exert all the energies of mind which you possess to get the better of an attachment that must end in sorrow and wretchedness ; and, while making those exertions, however painful they may at first prove to my Rosa, she will derive an inward satisfaction from the knowledge that she is doing her duty."

It will be unnecessary to repeat any more of this conversation between the mother and daughter. Lady de Clifford saw the necessity of strengthening the mind of Rosa in the thorny path she was obliged to make her tread, and, although so young, she trusted that reason, her good sense, and its being a hopeless attachment, would in a little time draw forth a strength of mind and powers of action, which, at this moment of unhappiness, she felt she could hardly expect Rosa to shew. From former experience, Lady de Clifford could judge of her daughter's feelings, and by shewing her what she herself had been capable of doing at

the same age, she hoped to animate and incite Rosa to act in the same manner.

It was accordingly decided between this excellent mother and the amiable Rosa, that, until Monteith's departure, she should, by staying at home as much as possible, avoid meeting him; and that, if they were accidentally thrown together, she was to conduct herself as usual towards him, but shun all conversation that might lead to further intimacy.

But, according to the French proverb, *l'homme propose, et Dieu dispose*. How often are our best laid plans rendered abortive by the most trifling accidents, and we find it difficult, if not impossible, to put them in practice. From the intimacy in which the set of friends and acquaintance who had met at Spa lived together, they had of course constant parties at each other's houses; and Lady de Clifford had only been exempted from attending these *réunions* by her daughter's illness. Accordingly, a few days after the conversation we have detailed, Mrs. St. Leger called, and requested

Lady de Clifford and Rosa would drink tea with her that evening, to meet Lady Elphinstone and her niece, who had promised to come to her ; adding, at the same time looking very wise, “ She felt certain Mr. de Clifford would not disappoint her.” In vain Lady de Clifford requested to be excused, urging her being unwilling to expose Rosa to the night air. But Mrs. St. Leger was one of those women that *never* take an excuse ; and she found herself obliged to consent to go to her party, unless she determined to be pointedly uncivil to her. As it was not in Lady de Clifford’s nature to be so, she decided to make the best of it, and keep Rosa as much with her as possible during the evening.

But this scheme, like the other, was defeated ; for, as soon as they entered the room, Sophia took possession of Rosa, and obliged her to join the party at the tea-table. She was happy, however, to find that Elmsworth, Monteith, and her brother, who had dined together, were not arrived, and she seated herself immediately

between Marie and the Comtesse Corbinelli. Lady Elphinstone shortly after made her appearance, but without Lady Emma, much to the dismay of Mrs. St. Leger, who found she had thus lost the chief attraction to her party, by the new beauty not coming, and it proved also a great disappointment to the gentlemen, who arrived soon after the tea-things were removed.

The mother's watchful eye observed the pale cheek of Rosa on Monteith's approaching to speak to her, and standing for a short time behind her chair. But Rosa soon recovered herself, and perceiving Lady de Clifford looking at her, she gave her mother a smile of confidence, that assured her she would act as she wished; and few girls of her age would have conducted themselves so well. But she felt anxious Lady de Clifford should not witness the efforts she made to overcome those emotions, so natural on first seeing Monteith, and which she was desirous should not be visible even to her mother.

She answered him in her usual sweet manner; but, being apparently occupied by those next to her, the conversation dropped, and he soon left her. Marie, on his first coming up, had appeared desirous to make room for him between them, but a look from Rosa prevented her.

In imitation of the *soirée* at the Marquise de Schomberg's, Sophia, soon after the arrival of the gentlemen, proposed *des petits jeux*; but every body appeared disinclined to them. De Clifford was silent and cross. Rosa suspected that Lady Emma's absence was the cause. He took his seat, as usual, by Marie, but said little. Mademoiselle de St. Quentin was likewise out of spirits; her cough was so bad, that even the Marquise had wished her to stay at home. "Mais c'étoit si triste d'être toute seule," that she would go out, partly, perhaps, from hearing that Prince Alexis was not to be there.

Apparently, there never were a set of young people met together who, from various causes,

were so little inclined to be agreeable. Lord Elmsworth at length proposed caricaturing the whole party, under the title of "Personification of dulness."

"Allons, Monsieur de Clifford," said the Comtesse; "de la gaieté s'il vous plait; car il me paroît que vous êtes bien triste aujourd'hui; contez nous, donc, quelque chose pour nous désennuyer."

"I must," answered de Clifford, "get rid of my own ennui, before I can expect to désennuyer others; and really, Madame la Comtesse, I have not at this moment a bright idea to amuse you with."

"Eh bien, donc, si Monsieur de Clifford nous manque, c'est à vous, Monsieur de Méry, que je m'adresse."

"Ah, Madame, passez moi, je vous en conjure. I forgot to lay aside this morning *la marotte*.* You must not, therefore, expect any thing agreeable from me. But here is Mademoiselle de St.

* Duncce's cap, or fool's cap.

Quentin ; I always resign to her the honour of entertaining our *petit cercle*—et de ce côté là l'esprit ne nous manque jamais ; car Made-moiselle l'a jusqu'au bout des doigts."

" Je ne vaux rien aujourd'hui," returned Marie ; " la chaleur m'obsède."

" I think," said Lord Elmsworth, " the best thing we could do, as we are close to the *Sept-heures*, is to take a walk, and enjoy this fine evening in the air, instead of stewing in this hot room ; I vote, therefore, for a promenade."

" Mais, mon dieu !" exclaimed the Comtesse, " je ne fais que cela toute la journée. N'avez vous rien de mieux à proposer "

On this Lord Elmsworth, finding his suggestion negatived, declared that if he continued amongst them, his good spirits would be infected by their dulness, and he proposed to Mr. St. Leger a game at *ecarté*, which was agreed to ; and he left the party at the tea-table.

While this conversation was going on, Marie had taken up a pencil and paper which were lying

on the table. After writing on it, she gave it to the Chevalier, saying, "The last line you must add." On looking it over, he replied, "give me the name." "Marie," was the answer. "Willingly," said de Méry, bowing to her, "for with such a subject there *can* be no difficulty;" and after thinking for a few minutes, he added the line required.

"Pray, what are you composing together?" asked Mr. Bacon. "I hope you do not mean to exclude our side of the table," said he, on seeing the Comtesse looking over the paper.

"Certainly not," answered the Chevalier. "I told you what you might expect from my fair neighbour. I shall, therefore, send round a little *jeu d'esprit* she has just made on us all, and I think Lord Elmsworth will acknowledge his pencil as a caricaturist will not be required."

"I am much obliged to the Chevalier for speaking so highly of my performance," said Marie, "but in so doing he forgets he is a party in the composition; and if there is any merit, it is as much due to him as to me. Mais

l'esprit qu'il vante n'est bon qu'à être lû ; il ne vaudra rien à être dit." Monsieur de Méry then passed the paper round, and the following *jeu d'esprit* was found written, the pronunciation of each letter at the end of the line forming a syllable of the word.

JEU D'ESPRIT.

“ Le Chevalier s'avoue un E. B. T. (*hébété*) a dunce, blockhead.

La belle Sophie est toujours O. Q. P. (*occupée*)

Monsieur de Clifford n'a pas une I. D. (*idée*)

La chère Comtesse est une F. A. E. (*effarée*)

Milor Elmsworth est un E. K. T. (*écarté*)

La charmante Rosa il faut M. E. (*aimer*)

Monsieur Monteith, hélas ! est un K. D. (*cadet*)

Et la belle Marie est une D. I. T. (*déité*)

N.B. La dernière ligne est écrite par Monsieur le Chevalier de Méry.”

“Chevalier,” said de Clifford, “you have redeemed your character, and we will no longer allow that *la marotte* was neglected to be thrown aside. I wish I could say the same of myself, and that this charming *jeu d'esprit* of Mademoiselle de St. Quentin's had brought back

some of my ideas that have been 'lost and missing' this evening.

"Are they to be found and recovered at the Geronstère?" asked Mr. Bacon.

De Clifford looked displeased, for though ever willing to make a joke on others, he did not approve of their being made on himself.

"It is a pity," continued Mr. Bacon, not choosing to remark Hugh's stern look, "that the names of the ladies were not given to de Méry instead of Mademoiselle de St. Quentin. He would, I doubt not, have managed to have made them all goddesses as well as her. For he is a Frenchman, and knows how to *purchase* their kind looks by flattery. Do *you* not think so, Madame la Comtesse?"

This speech was made in that impertinent style that *very* young men sometimes adopt towards women, where they think they may venture to do so. But Mr. Bacon was mistaken in the person he addressed, who, however gay in manners and conversation, as most foreigners are, was perfectly well conducted. She looked at him

in a dignified manner, and as, when much pleased, or displeased, she always spoke in her own language, she coldly replied—

“ *Queste non se vendono, Signore,*”* and turning to Marie began conversing with her.

Mr. Bacon, finding himself so unfortunate in his remarks, was silent ; for, though he had not understood Comtesse Corbinelli’s reply, he was aware, from her manner, it was not a pleasant one.

Soon after this the party separated, for Rosa and Monteith, divided from each other, felt indifferent to every thing that was passing round them ; and the evening concluded without any event sufficiently interesting to relate, though all, when they parted, agreed in one respect, that nothing could have been more stupid ; Elmsworth openly declaring he should in future ‘ cut the concern,’ and not again be tempted to attend a *soirée* of Mrs. St. Leger. *She* was, however, perfectly satisfied, as the flirtation

* They are not, sir, to be sold.

between her daughter and Mr. Bacon was going on in a way that would, she hoped, soon terminate in the gratification of all her ambitious views for Miss St. Leger's settlement in life ; and what more could a mother like Mrs. St. Leger require ? To her, therefore, the evening had been a delightful one.

END OF VOL. II.

LONDON :
Marchant, Printer, Ingram-Court.





